# The Black Cat

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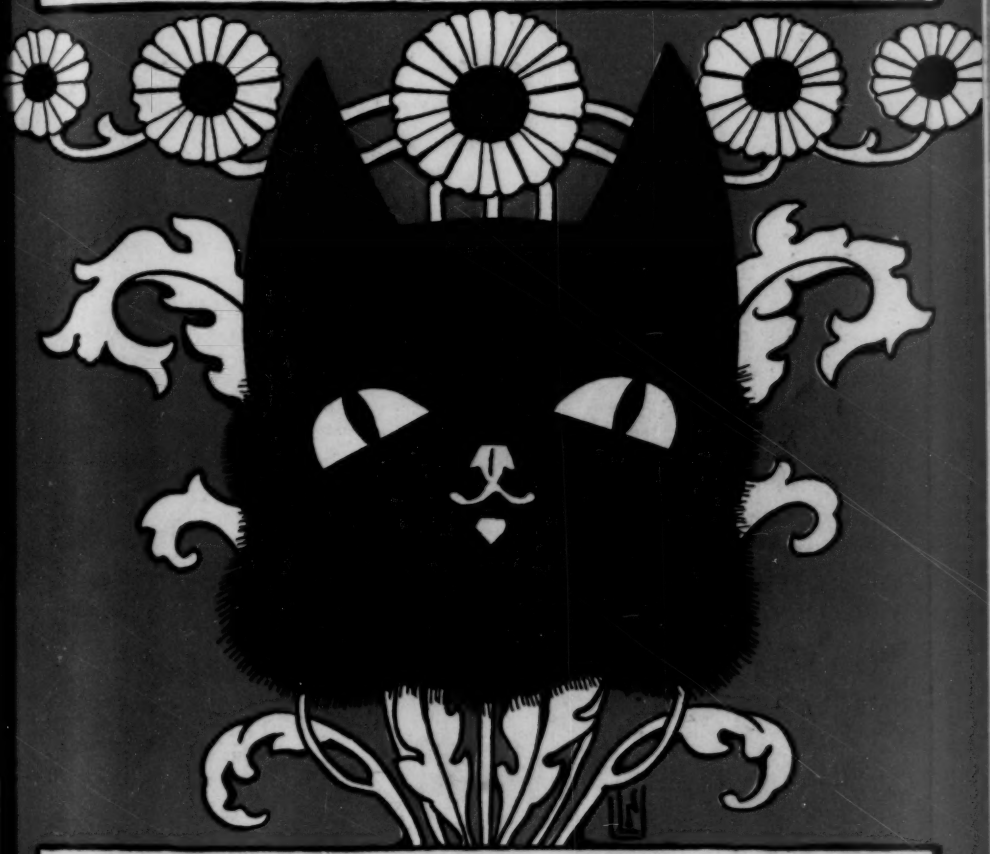

## April 1903

**The Chambers of Silence.**
A Sequel to "Made to Order," the $100 Prize Story in The Black Cat for October, 1902.
Robert Whitaker.

**The Delegation from Turtle Point.**
Gertrude Norton.

**The Hat Pharmacy.**
Lydia Felicia Perkins.

**For Once—A Woman.**
Otho B. Senga.

**Between Two Suns.**
$100 Prize Story.
Harry Stilwell Edwards.

5 CENTS

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THE SHORTSTORY PUBLISHING CO 144 HIGH ST BOSTON, MASS.

"Let firm, well-hammered shoes protect thy feet,
Thro' freezing snows, and rain and soaking sleet;
Should the big last extend the sole too wide,
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You 'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn."

**These lines of the ancient poet remind us that the "Shoe question" was as important in the old days as it is now, but in a different way, for now it is merely a question of what STYLE of SOROSIS, and these are as varied as the many different uses to which modern civilization calls one's feet; e. g., the Sorosis for Automobiling is quite different from the Ball-room or Boudoir Sorosis, yet all are correct for their special uses, the acme of comfort and perfect fit.**

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# HUMALA MINING CO. LIMITED

## Three Great Groups of Gold Properties at Thunder Mountain, Buffalo Hump, and Marshall Lake, Idaho

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It is asserted here without qualification that there is not now before the public an opportunity of a profitable and protected investment in gold mining shares equal to that offered by the HUMALA COMPANY. The proofs on which this assertion is based are open to any person who will take the trouble to ask for them.

THE HUMALA MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, owns four full claims at Thunder Mountain, covering eighty acres, known as the Tom Boy Group. At Buffalo Hump the Company owns the London, Bunker Hill, Paris, and Hunter, four continuous claims covering eighty acres. At Marshall Lake the HUMALA COMPANY owns the several properties known as the "P," Treasure Hill, Sterling, El Toro, Goldenopolis, Silver King, Silver Queen, Eloy, Sonora, Telluride, and Melbourne. Little Giant No. 1, Little Giant No. 2, Empire, White Cloud, Goldenrod, owns a water right on Bear Creek, a In this location the Company also Creek for the use of the town. town site, and a water right on Carey

**Ore ready to take out which will enable two 10-Stamp Mills to earn 33⅓ per cent. yearly on the Company's entire capitalization at par**

The development of the Tom Boy Group at Thunder Mountain shows the property to be the equal in rich ore values of any of the Thunder Mountain properties which have made such remarkable showings of gold and attracted national attention. But it is to be remembered that Thunder Mountain is not yet a producing district.

Buffalo Hump and Marshall Lake are producing districts. The Buffalo Mine, the Jumbo, and the Spokane, in the Buffalo Hump district are known as rich and profitable mines. The Jumbo, which adjoins the HUMALA property, has been running four stamps for a year, and, with only four stamps, $6,000 in gold bullion has been shipped from the mine each month since the stamps began to fall.

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The properties of the HUMALA MINING COMPANY at Buffalo Hump and Marshall Lake are not bare claims or sampled prospects, they are *developed properties*. They are being developed every day under the superintendence of Mr. Winthrop W. Fisk, the Company Engineer, who is on the grounds, and has been for months past, superintending work at both camps, which are only a day's journey apart.

The HUMALA COMPANY has actual mines with ore ready for the mill; actual riches not prospective.

As a business proposition it is intended at once to erect a ten-stamp mill on each of the Buffalo Hump and Marshall Lake properties, leaving the Tom Boy at Thunder Mountain until roads permit the carrying in of machinery.

The proven values of the ore blocked out and ready for the mill run from $16 to $180 per ton. An average would give $98 per ton. But put the average at only $20 per ton, and two ten-stamp mills would give a production of gold bullion amounting to $1,000,000 net yearly, a sum sufficient to pay a yearly dividend of 33⅓% on the entire capitalization.

These figures take no account of the Thunder Mountain property, which is very rich. It is a proposition to buy shares in developed mines in the two great producing gold camps of Idaho, with the Thunder Mountain property thrown in to make assurance doubly sure.

To provide the funds for the purchase and erection of two ten-stamp mills, with other necessary mining equipment, to operate its two developed properties, the HUMALA MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, offers a portion of its Treasury shares at *20 cents per share*, par value $1, full paid and non-assessable.

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The Fiscal Agents of the HUMALA MINING COMPANY are T. A. Bell & Co., 52 Broadway, New York, to whose order all checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable.

Any additional information required will be furnished to those who write the

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**J. B. CHADBOURNE, 11 E. 16th St., New York.**

Please send me particulars—advertisement in April Black Cat.

Name_____

Address_____

# What is a Safe Investment?

By LEE S. OVITT

THERE are many people asking themselves and one another the above question. We are all trying to make hay while the sun shines — to get our share of the prosperity that is in evidence on all sides of us.

Every man who has stopped to think knows that the good times can't last forever, and that a day of reckoning is at hand. It needs no great prophetic vision to look ahead and see the breakers.

So the question — what is a safe investment? — is the all-important one of the hour, and it is a difficult one for the investor to answer for himself.

Almost all mining propositions look well, on paper, and read well, in the paper, and yet, mines that will bear a searching investigation are all too few.

I regret to say that the gold mining investment is looked at with suspicion in some quarters, due to the fact that a certain class of boomers, by means of glittering promises, have fleeced people right and left, and bought legitimate mining investments into disrepute in so doing.

The evil that men do lives after them, and I, for one, have had to work doubly hard in some cases to break down the prejudices of those who misjudged me and my proposition.

I am a contender that the gold mine, if well stocked with pay ore, and managed in as conservative and businesslike a manner as a well conducted manufacturing business, will double discount any investment, according to money invested, known to the world of finance. None excepted.

Gold is a product that every man on earth wants, and that every government will buy in any quantity at a fixed price.

Compare that with oil or copper or wheat, or any other commodity.

I am fully sensible of the fact that I must shoulder the burden of proof and show beyond question that I am offering stock in a true gold mine. That much accomplished I shall have little difficulty in making my sales.

In a little over three years I have financed three successful gold mines and brought them to the point where each has a perfect equipment, and where each will begin dividend paying in 1903, one of them in March.

It would appear from this that I must have done my share of breaking down a deep-rooted prejudice against the gold mine as an investment that would pay.

I think I may be given credit for this much astuteness, viz.: to realize that unless I "made good" — to borrow a current expression — I would not survive, and that, in place of it requiring an office in New York, another in Boston, another in Pittsburg, another in St. Louis, and almost the entire third floor of the Merrill Building in Milwaukee to take care of my daily increasing business, one small room, or my hat, would serve for office room.

There are plenty of gold mines with gold in them that only lacked capital and efficient management to make them producers, I argued, and I found it to be true.

I contend that the answer to "What is a Safe Investment?" is to be found in a book that I have just had published, which tells of the latest gold mine I shall exploit — the Cracker-Jack.

This mine adjoins the famous Cracker-Oregon mine, which is one of the successful mines I launched in 1902. (Mill about completed. Fabulously rich ore awaiting the mill.)

If the Cracker-Jack were only as good as the Cracker-Oregon, which it is a continuation of, it would be a great property, but certain formations are shown on the ore ledge and the conditions in general point to it as being at the very fountain head of the mother lode.

This may not mean much to you until you acquainted yourself with the facts, as set forth in the prospectus, a book I am anxious to send you.

After reading this book you would quickly see that if such is the case—we claim it is—this gold mine will surpass in richness even the North Pole, and the North Pole has been the breadwinner for the Barings of London for years—paying over a million per annum in dividends.

We feel almost positive that at the apex of the Cracker-Jack group of claims the ledge of the "North Pole" converges and joins our ledge. Surface indications all go to show this to be a fact.

We are going to find out, and with alacrity, too,—by means of tunnels and shafts. It will not take long, once we get going.

Mining engineers do not, as a general thing, go on record over their own signatures as to prospective values, fearing the effect on their reputations in case of an error of judgment, but you will find in the Cracker-Jack prospectus where Warren Cable has prophesied that this mine will be a greater than the Cracker-Oregon and likely a greater producer than the North Pole.

I have no fault to find with savings bank 3% per annum investments.

If you can afford to wait, and live long enough, no doubt you will earn a few hundred dollars in that way. It is too slow for me.

What I do counsel is this: put some of your earnings into this Cracker-Jack stock. Don't burden yourself; don't bite off more than you can chew; don't put all of your eggs into one basket; be a conservative investor.

There shall be no attempt on my part to overstep the bounds of prudence in my advising. I have found that my way of first sending my prospectus "on suspicion" to a would-be purchaser of stock was the best plan to follow, and that it was best to have a thorough explanation of all matters before buying, rather than after. It's a safe plan.

I have followed the plan of investigate first—in all my stock selling—and shall continue to do so.

It has not only made a friend of my stockholder, but has invariably sold stock to his friends.

These advertisements are more on the order of heart-to-heart talks between friends than what they purport to be.

There may be faults in the style, but I have a notion that I can make myself more clearly understood if I talk directly to the reader rather than at him.

I am in earnest. Very much in earnest, and I sincerely trust that what I have said may ring true.

I mean every word of it.

I know that my proposition is a good one and that it is in capable hands as to management. I have put my own money against it. It must win.

I am anxious that the work of development may begin early and for that reason urge you to write for "The Book of Particulars" and any further information as early as possible.

Prices will be advanced from time to time as improvements are made, and you may as well profit by the price advances as not. I shall expect to hear from you.

## LEE S. OVITT, Fiscal Agent.

**Main Offices, W 31-55 Merrill Building, Milwaukee, Wis.**

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# The Black Cat

A Monthly Magazine of Original Short Stories.

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Vol VIII., No. 7
Whole No., 91

APRIL, 1903.

5 cents a copy.
50 cents a year.

Entered at the Post-Office at Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

THE BLACK CAT is devoted exclusively to original, unusual, fascinating stories — every number is complete in itself. It publishes no serials, translations, borrowings, or stealings. It pays nothing for the name or reputation of a writer, but the highest price on record for *Stories that are Stories*, and it pays not according to length, but according to strength. To receive attention, manuscripts must be sent unrolled, fully prepaid, and accompanied by addressed and stamped envelope for return. All MSS. are received and returned at their writers' risk.

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## The Chambers of Silence.*

A sequel to "Made to Order," in the October, 1902, number of THE BLACK CAT.

BY ROBERT WHITAKER.

E will tell — you all. You can — trust him. Now kiss me." And, with the pressure of her young lips upon the withered cheek that had not felt a kiss for forty years, John Krisby closed his eyes, and breathed his last.

Alice Krisby shivered in spite of every effort at self-control, and was glad when the old servant led her from the room, and offered to perform the last offices for his dead master. Two days later she followed the coffin to the cemetery, and looked her last on the face she had seen for the first time only forty-eight hours before. When she returned to the weird-looking house where the old servant waited her he thrust a sealed envelope into her hand, and stood waiting her commands while she opened it and read the contents.

There were two papers in the envelope. The first was her uncle's will, and was as brief and startling as their acquaintance had been. It read, "I give and bequeath to my brother's daughter, Alice Krisby, all my property both real and personal, and appoint

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her my executrix, without bonds." It was signed by two witnesses, William Wick and Krisby Wick.

The other paper was in the form of a letter, and was written in the same crabbed handwriting as the will itself. It was as follows:

> To My Dear Niece:
>
> All that I have is yours. My servant will explain why, if any explanation is wanted. In return there are three things I desire of you. They are only an old man's last whims — the will is unconditioned. These are my whims: That you do not leave the Penitentiary for three years; that during this period you neither speak to any man, except my old and trusted servant, William Wick, nor allow any other man to see your face; and that you spend the first year alone in the Chambers of Silence.
>
> John Krisby.

A pair of frightened eyes looked up into the impassive face of the silent servant, and Alice Krisby gasped:

"The Penitentiary? How can I spend three years there? I am not a criminal." And the color surged to face and throat in a way that might have moved a man of stone. But the old man seemed neither to see nor hear her confusion and alarm, but answered placidly: "This is the Penitentiary — so my master was pleased to call it."

"And the Chambers of Silence?" she queried, the color ebbing slowly, and something of fear still in her voice.

"The Chambers of Silence are upstairs. Your uncle lived in them for twenty years. He meant to die in them, but was taken suddenly sick downstairs, and could not be moved."

"And my mother?" queried the girl, still distressed and alarmed.

"Your mother will stay here in the house with you. After the first year you can be together as much as you please. I will care for her till then."

"But why should my uncle wish to separate me from my mother for a whole year?" and the tears came to her eyes, so that for a moment she seemed about to break before the strain of this extraordinary situation. "And why should he wish me to live in this odd place at all, or to be shut away from everybody for twelve long months? If he thought so poorly of me, why should he leave me his fortune? Or is the fortune just this Penitentiary?" and she shuddered as she pronounced the name.

"The fortune," replied the man, in the same stolid way, "is

about half a million. It is chiefly invested in African mines. This house is yours, and you will find here all the money that you will need for the next three years. The mining property is in good hands, and will require no immediate attention."

"About a half a million!" and Alice Krisby gasped again.

"Perhaps a little more," the servant said, as if he were talking of half a hundred dollars. "If you have the time I will tell you some things about your uncle, and then you may decide whether you will carry out his last wishes."

"Go on!" said the girl, forcing herself to something like composure. "If my uncle was sane, even his whims shall have my regard."

"As sane as you or I," and the old servant showed his first signs of feeling. "But not an ordinary man, even as his was no ordinary life."

He stopped, looked at the girl in a far-off way, and then asked, "How much do you know about John Krisby?"

"Almost nothing," was the answer. "He was my father's only brother. He was drowned, as everybody supposed, forty years ago, but his body was never recovered, although his clothes were found on the banks of the stream. Some said he had committed suicide because of the death of a very dear friend. Papa seldom mentioned him, and mamma never."

"John Krisby loved your mother. He asked her to be his wife. She refused him, because her affections were given to your father. In his rage your uncle laid his plans to assault your father, his brother, and whip him. In the dark he mistook a friend for your father. He struck only one blow, but in some way it proved fatal. John Krisby was not suspected. But remorse made his life unendurable. He did not dare to run away, lest suspicion fasten upon him, and he should be followed and captured. Yet he could not bear to remain. So he planned an apparent accident, or suicide, left his clothes upon the bank of the stream just above the point where the drift to the dam begins, and escaped in some old clothes which he was supposed to have sold to the second-hand dealer the day before. He went to sea, and by and by drifted into mining in South Africa. He prospered, and twenty years ago had a large fortune. Then he came here. His conscience would not let him rest.

He could not persuade himself to confess, and take public punishment. So he condemned himself to life imprisonment, and built and furnished his own prison. He had saved my life, so I came with him, and brought my little one. We lived downstairs. Your uncle lived in the Chambers of Silence above. A year ago in some way he discovered your presence in Bolton. He gave himself a parole for a week, and found out all that he could about you and your mother. He was vexed because you looked so much like your mother when he loved her. But when he found that your father was dead, and that only you and your mother survived, he was moved to pity you. After he returned to his rooms he could think and talk of nothing else. He made his will in your favor, and gave me instructions what to do to find you in the event of his death. Two weeks ago he came down again, and said that he was going to visit Bolton and make himself known to you. The excitement of the preparations brought on a stroke of paralysis. He rallied three days ago, and spoke your name. I did not understand, and he gasped out, 'Alice, send — for Alice.' So I sent for you. The rest you know."

The old servant began his story with a little show of feeling, but before it was done his face was as immobile as ever.

"Was it uncle's desire that you should remain with us?" she inquired, curious to know more of the strange tie that had bound these men together, yet loath to ask.

"If you wish," was the laconic reply, with the same slight show of interest.

"Will you show me the Chambers of Silence?" and there was a touch of fear in her tone in spite of her effort to speak bravely.

"This way," said the old man, and without waiting to see if she followed he went to the door and held it open for her to pass through. Her impulse was to call her mother to accompany her, but she decided almost instantly that it was better for her to see the rooms alone first.

The first view was disappointing. The rooms were large, airy, well furnished, and not noticeably different from any other pleasant suite of rooms. The prospect of spending a year in such quarters, apart from the inevitable lonesomeness of the long months without companionship, was so different from the hardships which the

name Penitentiary had suggested and which hovered about the designation "Chambers of Silence," that the disappointment was wholly agreeable. She was about to speak her relief when the old servant, as if anticipating her thought, turned the knob of the door through which they had just come, and then waved his hand toward the windows. They were heavily barred. When she looked again for the servant he was gone. She tried the door, and found it locked. Really alarmed now, she rushed into the next room, but found that there also the exit to the hall was securely fastened. She tried the windows hurriedly, but found the bars immovable as the walls. All manner of horrible suspicions flashed through her mind. She was half inclined to scream, and almost ready to collapse. She rushed back to the main room of the suite, to find a table daintily spread, with a dish of assorted fruits upon it. What mockery was this? How could she eat amid such mystery, and with she knew not what happening to her mother? Chamber of Silence? It were better to call it Chamber of Horrors! Why had she ever allowed herself to be trapped so? She rushed back to the bed-chamber to find her hat and wraps upon the bed, though she knew that she had left them downstairs. There was a faint sound in the other room. She returned as rapidly as she had come, to find the table gone and the old servant standing in the middle of the room as tranquil and expressionless as before.

"Oh," she said in half-smothered accents, "I thought you had left me, and all sorts of queer things were happening."

He smiled distantly, and said only, "If you would like to see the mechanism I will explain."

And then for half an hour he took her from room to room, above and below, showing her all manner of most curious contrivances by which the table was made to rise and fall at will, the bed was lowered and raised from the level of one floor to the level of the other, doors were locked and unlocked as if by phantom hands, the bars at the windows slid in and out noiselessly, and reflecting mirrors showed below all that was going on in the central room above, at the will of the operator.

"Your uncle was exceedingly ingenious, and very clever with tools," was the old servant's comment, in answer to her repeated exclamations. "And he so arranged everything that for days and

months together he might know the meaning of solitary confinement. He learned to love it, I think, and to believe in it as a remedy for many of the illusions and the mistaken sentiments of men."

Alice Krisby slept little that night, the thought of her unexpected fortune, which was vaster far than she had dreamed when she responded to the sudden call to her uncle's bedside, mingling in the confused imaginings of semiconsciousness with all manner of visions in which the mysterious rooms played a prominent part. But with the morning came the determination to follow her uncle's wishes, at least to the extent of the year's residence in the Chambers of Silence. She went about her preparations with characteristic energy, and quietly overruled all her mother's objections with a calm and confidence which did much to restore the mother's mental poise. They dropped out of the old life with astonishing ease, and a week from the time that John Krisby's body was carried forth to its last resting place Alice Krisby bade the world good-bye, and took up her abode in the rooms where her uncle had spent a score of years.

It was a long year. In spite of books, of which she had a large and choice selection, in spite of the woman's work with which she beguiled away the hours after a fashion that few men can follow, there were times when the solitude became almost unendurable. She fared well, as far as food and exercise were concerned, for her table was well provided, and there were a dozen attractive devices to take the place of the walking and working to which she was accustomed. But her organ was left downstairs, for it was understood that for this year at least hers was to be a rôle of silence. And with a stoicism at which she wondered afterwards she resisted every impulse to either speak or sing, till the sound of her voice would have startled her had she allowed herself to speak.

It was the strangest year of all her life. Sometimes she was half afraid of the consequences, lest the long silence should deprive her altogether of the power of speech and song, or the unnatural solitariness should wreck her reason. But after the first few weeks she found a certain charm about the life which would not have seemed possible when the experiment began. She was not absolutely alone. She could catch the murmur of their voices below

now and then. Her mother played for her often, old familiar songs to which her memory easily supplied the words. And through the bars of her windows, which were hidden from the street by the lace curtains between, she could look out and watch many who were utterly unconscious of the strange comedy or tragedy which was being enacted in the lonely, quiet old house. No one ever saw any one but a certain grocer's clerk go in and out, and he was a man of years and discretion, who answered no questions, and gave out no information. He had served her uncle for years, and well understood that the terms on which he kept this lucrative trade were serviceableness and silence. And whatever communication the house needed to have with the outside world was had through his daily visits. Alice Krisby learned to time them exactly, and to entertain herself in a hundred equally quiet and apparently uninteresting ways.

And she learned the worth of her own company. She read much, but thought more. And she understood at length the wisdom of the servant's remark concerning the value which her uncle had come to put upon solitude and silence. She held life at arm's length, and got the perspective of the world, till it seemed to her that she had lived more in that year than in all her years before. Doubtless it was good for her that she could see something of the life of the street. It not only made her sense of solitariness less oppressive when the loneliness weighed upon her, but it kept her mind in touch with the real and the active, as opposed to the ideal and the passive which were so much of her present life. Nor was her interest in outward things altogether impersonal. There was one young man who passed down the street every morning, who was apparently just about her own age. He had an exceedingly interesting face, she thought, and her maiden fancy wove many dreams around him. He looked so long and earnestly at the house at times that she almost feared that he suspected her imprisonment, and contemplated a forced relief. But she knew this could not be, and at length learned to stand before the window, well back within the shadow of the room, and watch him as freely as she pleased. Nor did it trouble her that he was considerably in her thoughts, since she was not to speak or show herself to a man for three years. She felt all the freer to think of him, and to look

at him, especially as her interests were none too many for her needs.

When the year was done she came forth half reluctantly, though the last days were extraordinarily long. It was a delight to be with her mother again, and after the first odd fright at the sound of her own voice she was glad enough to be able to talk and sing once more. But she crept away often to the Chambers of Silence, and spent long hours there with her thoughts and her books. And, if the truth must be told, she slipped away often in the early morning to get a glimpse of the young stranger, and wonder about his curious looks toward the house. She wondered that her interest in him was so strong and steady, but neither asked nor answered herself any clear questions about it.

And then came the never-to-be-forgotten night when some one tried to enter the house by the window of the main room above. She did not know of the event till morning, though she knew that since her occupancy of the room the old servant had insisted upon keeping it prepared as a trap for whoever might attempt to invade their privacy. He was silent as usual that morning, but his ordinarily impassive face had an unusual expression of triumph about the eyes as he showed her through some manipulation of movable mirrors the young man, sitting with downcast eyes in the room which had been her abode so long. Her surprise and agitation must have seemed more than commonly excessive to him, for she was startled far more than he knew, and more than even her increasing self-command would allow her to hide. But she said nothing, beyond the first sharp exclamation, though she saw in that first glance that the prisoner was none other than the young man whom she had watched so often from the windows of that same room.

It was the old servant who suggested keeping their prisoner a year, and trying the discipline of solitude and silence upon the would-be burglar. Perhaps he could not bear to have the chambers above unoccupied, and found a certain comfort for the loss of his master in rendering like services to another. Perhaps the inquiries which he had made concerning the young man, though undertaken at Alice Krisby's command, had excited his own interest and compassion. Whatever the occasion of his interest, he did for the

stranger as willingly as he had done for Alice during her year of retirement, and without going from the house himself managed to learn a great deal about their guest, and to take the hounds of the law off the track.

But it was Alice herself who provided the books and flowers and various other comforts and conveniences which helped the young man through that marvellous, often tedious year. She and her mother walked in the yard as usual, after the first few weeks of the stranger's presence, but out of regard for her uncle's wish that no other man than the old servant should see her face these three years, Alice Krisby was always veiled when in sight of the windows above. And her mother, though she fretted more or less openly at so much of the morbid and the uncanny, as she was pleased to call it, and never ceased to fear their unwilling guest, yet veiled herself quite gladly, and was always eager to get away under the shadow of the trees where his eyes might not follow them. She was not quick to notice details, and so did not know that Alice dressed to match the raiment which the young man wore, and that the flowers on his table were like the flowers which she carried in her hand or wore at her breast. Nor did she understand that when Alice sang she was singing chiefly for the stranger. And she was equally ignorant of the fact that when the young man went from them, just a year from the day that he had surreptitiously entered the room above, he carried not his own watch, but the little gold timepiece which Alice Krisby had bought with the first money earned by her own hands.

Had Alice Krisby herself been asked to explain what it all meant she might have found it difficult to tell. Of one thing she was sure, after the first bitter disappointment when she had found that the would-be burglar was the same young man whom she had watched with such keen interest so long, and that was that he was no confirmed criminal. Strange is the love of woman, and perhaps she would have loved him had his case been far worse than investigation proved. But she did not admit to herself that she loved him. She pitied him, that he had stumbled and fallen on the rough road of life. And she meant to save him from himself, and from such a tragic future as her uncle's life had been, if she might. And out of the sense of fellowship with the sinning and the suffer-

ing which had come to her through that year in the Chambers of Silence there grew the desire to make known to him somehow that she understood, and that she neither despised him nor held herself aloof from him in any pharisaic spirit. Could she convince him that she, a stranger and a woman, was not ashamed to make herself one with him he might go out into the world feeling that his place among honest and self-respecting men was not wholly lost. And the watch might remind him, as nothing else which he could carry forth as a souvenir of his mysterious confinement, that time had still something better in store for him.

She could not open the door to his knocking, the morning he went away, for there were yet three months before her three years' retirement should be finished. Nor did she wish to speak with him, nor to have any other member of the strange household meet him. She watched him go away with no such sense of relief as her mother felt, but with the strong resolution that she would have no word with him till he had proved himself a man. She might never see him again. It were better so, unless he made the effort to find her and know her. And he should not know her unless he earned his right to her acquaintance.

Yet it was strangely lonesome without him. And she was half disappointed as the weeks slipped away and he neither appeared nor could they get any word about him. And then came sickness to the solitary household, and, just before the three years were gone, Death passed in through the closed portals, and without so much as knocking entered an inner chamber and went out again holding a woman's hand.

Two days later Walter Sherman came back. He would have knocked again, but the hearse at the door stayed his steps, and almost stopped his heart. There was only one mourner, the older of the two women whom he had seen so often in the garden. He wanted to push forward and speak to her, but his courage failed him. But he found the undertaker afterward, and learned that the corpse carried from the old house was the body of a young woman. The undertaker knew nothing more about her, not even her name. Or if he knew, he would not tell. Walter Sherman went to the house again, five days later. The same hearse was there. He saw no mourners this time. After the hearse was gone

he knocked at the door, but was not answered. He tried three days, with the same result. And then he learned that the house was closed up, and had no occupant. Nor did all his inquiries elicit any further information.

It may have been that there was something of heart-sickness in the severe "mal de mer" which prostrated him for more than half his journey across the Atlantic. He was very sick he knew, and had no wish to live, and his illness persisted when most of his fellow-sufferers were walking about on deck and congratulating themselves on their complete recovery. He must have been delirious, for once or twice he seemed to be in the strange chambers again, and was sure he heard the young woman singing the very same songs she had sung for him so often that lonely year. Perhaps it was the music from the saloon which affected him, for his room was so situated as to catch the singing of the passengers. Yet it was only one day that he heard her. He had thought himself better that day. And when he asked the doctor if he had been delirious the doctor only laughed at him, and urged him to get up and move around, and put away all such notions. But he was a poor seaman, and showed himself little on deck. One young woman looked at him with peculiar interest. Her wistful face haunted him for days, and there was something about her which moved him strangely. The face was so like and yet so unlike the face he had imagined as the face of the woman with the voice. He laughed bitterly at the fancy, and felt of his forehead as if he would prove his sanity by some outward sign. But he was not himself till he was on land again. Even as they went off the ship he had the sharpest shock that his disordered imagination had given him. For there, not more than twenty feet ahead of him, were the two women of the garden. They had their backs to him, and their every motion seemed to witness their identity to him. The younger woman turned, and he saw her face. It was the face which had attracted him so with its wistful eyes. He tried to push forward to them, but was forced back. And when he looked again the women were gone.

He had come to England, he hardly knew why. But fortune favored him, for a week later he had the offer of a good position in South Africa. The ocean voyage tried his patience severely,

but his mind was clearer, he thought, for he heard no more the music of that haunting voice, and in spite of a casual resemblance saw no one who was very like the woman of his dreams. And in the mines he ceased to look for one whom he nevertheless could not banish from his thoughts.

The fellow-workman who offered to fix his watch, after Walter Sherman had tried to tinker it in vain, brought it back almost immediately and asked with a good deal of interest:

"Where did you get Alice Krisby's watch?"

"Alice Krisby?" he replied, with a strange leaping of the heart. "Tell me what you know of her."

They were intimate friends, though they had known each other hardly a year, but friendships ripen fast in such situations. Yet the other man looked at him searchingly before he answered:

"I know less about her than I wish I did. She was one of the prettiest and sweetest girls in Bolton. She bought this watch from me with the first money that she earned. Soon after that she disappeared for three years, and no one seemed to know what had become of her and of her mother. She is in England now, I believe. They say she has some interest in this mine. But you probably know more about her than I do, or you wouldn't be carrying her watch." And he smiled significantly.

Walter Sherman sat down suddenly, and wiped his dust-stained forehead as if he were in a sweat, though the morning was not hot. Then after a pause he motioned his friend to a seat, and told him the story of the strange house and the mysterious year. "You are mistaken," he concluded. "If that woman was Alice Krisby, as you call her, she isn't in England now. She died two years ago. I saw her coffin carried out of the house."

"But I saw Alice Krisby herself in England a year ago!"

"Then they are not the same," replied Walter Sherman wearily.

"Not so fast," said the other man. "Alice Krisby got her fortune from her uncle. I have heard that he was an eccentric and a recluse. He had a servant who had a daughter about Alice Krisby's age. The girl was a defective and never went out. The old servant was inseparable from her. They may have been part of your mysterious household. If the girl died the father would be sure to follow. This much I know: That watch belonged to

Alice Krisby about five years ago, and Alice Krisby herself was in England, alive and well, just before I sailed for Africa. I owe my place to her, as you probably do yours." And then he went on to tell just how he had met Alice Krisby and her mother and how they had proffered him his position.

But Walter Sherman listened as in a dream. With an energy he had not shown in many years, he made lightning-like preparations, and sailed for England within a week. His search for Alice Krisby there was vain. He found one or two clues, but followed them only to be disappointed. Yet he was sure that some of those whom he asked had seen the object of his search, and knew more of her movements than they were willing to tell. After two weeks of fruitless endeavor he sailed for America. He would see the old house once again, and would find out something about it and its one-time occupants, if it cost him all he had. At sea he was sick and delirious again. He heard her singing several times, yet he saw no one who looked like her, in spite of all his search.

But the voyage was very rough, and his search was limited to a few hours. He was glad to be on land again, yet he could not wait till he was himself once more before pursuing his quest. He took the earliest train that he could get for his destination, and was no sooner there than he started out alone for the well-remembered house. At first he had some difficulty in recognizing it, for it was painted and improved, and had quite a modern appearance. But the surroundings were the same, and the forbidding fence looked as exclusive as of old. Yet even as he stood there upon the corner, doubting what to do, the gate opened as if inviting him. He ran rapidly across the street and entered. The woman with the wistful eyes stood just outside the door, apparently watching for him. She smiled and turned as he entered the yard, and the gate closed behind him. Then she stepped into the doorway, smiled and vanished. But the door was open, and as he reached the threshold she came out of the darkness of the room, and stepped toward him with outstretched hand.

# The Delegation from Turtle Point.*

BY GERTRUDE NORTON.

THE day before the county convention met at Jugport to nominate a State Senator, Wicklow's Great American Circus and Aggregation of Wonders came; and when it moved on to Turtle Point that night, after the close of a successful performance, Dick Hiller was left behind. Dick was not one of the attractions of the great show; he was only a roustabout, and his enforced sojourn in Jugport was the result of a falling platform in the ring, which struck him on the head and shoulders, fracturing his collar-bone and rendering him unconscious. There was no hospital in the town, so it happened that Judge Bigelow, who had witnessed the accident, and was noted for his kindness of heart, had the boy taken to his own home, where he was to be cared for till he should recover.

Showmen, as a rule, do not trouble themselves to look after the welfare of their roustabouts who happen to fall by the wayside, and none of the show people showed any particular interest in Dick, excepting Jehan Phœbus, "The Celebrated Aëronaut and Aërial Trapeze Performer," who kissed the Judge's hand impulsively and slipped a twenty-dollar gold piece into Dick's pocket.

All this happened the day before the county convention was held at Jugport. Judge Bigelow was to be a candidate before the convention. He was one of the most popular and highly esteemed men in the county, but there was a strong opposition to his nomination among the ring of machine politicians who had controlled the political destiny of the county for ten years. They knew it was a fight for their political lives, and they went into it to win at any cost.

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"There is only one man who can break the ring, and that is Judge Bigelow," was a common remark among those who hoped to reform the politics of the county. So he had reluctantly — for it was his wish to retire from public life, having just completed his third term as Judge of the Judicial District — consented to allow his name to come before the convention that was to meet in Jugport on the 24th of June. The announcement was as if a bombshell had been thrown into the ranks of the opposition, and the entire political machinery of the county was put in operation to defeat him for the nomination — for a nomination was equivalent to election.

By eight o'clock the delegates began to arrive, and as fast as they came they hurried to consult with the leaders of the rival factions, who had their headquarters in the hotels or in the offices of the various county officials.

Jugport, which usually enjoyed the quiet and respectable repose of a demure country town, was now the scene of feverish activity. Flags were flying, the bands from Gurlock and Fulton were playing, and all about the court-house square little knots of citizens were gathered here and there, talking and gesticulating vehemently; but behind closed doors at the Sandy Mountain Hotel the "fixers" were in deep consultation. Able generalship in politics often counts for more than a good name, and the ring knew this when it chose Simon Sidwell as its standard bearer. Sidwell was recognized as one of the shrewdest politicians in the county, and could be depended on to let no conscientious scruples stand in the way of his success.

At ten o'clock the convention convened in the big court room, and after effecting its organization, and appointing its various committees, adjourned till half-past one. All the delegations, excepting that from Turtle Point, had arrived, and a hurried canvass of the delegates had been made. Each side claimed a majority, but it was evident that the outlook for the success of Sidwell's backers was not flattering, for they lacked that air of confidence they had assumed through the campaign, yet they might be depended on to make a stubborn fight.

Turtle Point was on the extreme southern border of the county, and as the crow flies, fifteen miles away, right across Sandy

Mountain, but by the tortuous route of the railroad was a good thirty miles. The train from Turtle Point would not arrive till 1.05, and as it was the only train during the day, it was to bring the delegation from that place.

As soon as the convention adjourned the majority of the delegates scattered about the town, some going to the hotels and restaurants for dinner, others hurrying away to hold secret conclave with the leaders. Simon Sidwell slipped quietly into the sheriff's office, where he was immediately joined by three of his trusted lieutenants, while Judge Bigelow crossed the square and walked leisurely in the direction of his home, accompanied by an old friend who was one of the delegates from Deepwater.

And all this time Dick Hiller, propped up on his pillows in a pleasant room at the Bigelow residence, listened to the sounds without, and fretted at being cooped up in the house on such a fine day. Carl Bigelow, the only son of Judge Bigelow, came in frequently to say a pleasant word to Dick and chat with him for a while, which seemed to do a great deal more toward hastening his recovery than any medicine he could have taken. He could hear the sounds of music through the open window, the hurrying feet on the sidewalk and the indistinct murmur of voices. Through a small opening between the buildings, he could get a glimpse of the court-house square, the gilded weather-vane at the top of the building, and the flag floating in the breeze. A great storm had swept over the country during the latter part of the night, but the sun was shining brightly now, and not a cloud was in sight. The rain-washed trees had taken on a deeper green, and as they swayed under the caresses of a cool south breeze, the very air seemed palpitating with renewed life. Shortly after noon he fell into a doze, and when he woke he heard voices on the porch. Judge Bigelow and the man from Deepwater were talking over the situation.

"We have made a careful canvass of every delegate that has arrived!" the man from Deepwater was saying, "and all our men will stand by us as solid as a rock wall. We are sure of twenty of the thirty-four delegates here at Jugport, and out of the eighteen at Fulton we will get eight. Dodsburg is the hardest place we have struck, but we have assurance of seven out of the twenty-one, which is a good showing considering that it is Sidwell's

stronghold. Out of the fourteen from Gurlock, we will have six; Deepwater will give us four of her eight, and Turtle Point the entire delegation of thirteen. That gives us fifty-eight votes out of a total of one hundred and eight, a clear majority of eight certain. Oh, we have got the fight won unless there should be a break somewhere or something should turn up to change the situation. But we have got to watch and be on the alert, for Sidwell and his men will move heaven and earth to beat us."

While they were talking there was the sound of hurrying feet, and the Mayor of Jugport, breathless and agitated, came and sank on a seat on the porch. He was the bearer of startling news. There would be no train from Turtle Point that day. The flood of the night before had played havoc with the railroad track between Jugport and Turtle Point. Duck Creek was now a turbulent river. The railroad bridge had been wrecked by driftwood, the track was washed away for a half mile on each side of the creek, and there would be no trains run between Jugport and Turtle Point for a week. The delegation at Turtle Point had wired that it would be impossible for them to reach Jugport in any way that could be devised, and they had abandoned making the attempt.

There was a note of deep distress in the Mayor's voice as he recited the story, and the man from Deepwater gave vent to expressions of keenest disappointment.

"It is a distressing misfortune," he declared with much feeling. "It was a mistake that some of the delegates did not come yesterday. If Jack Sanderson had only come — as I understood he intended to — then he could have cast the vote of the entire delegation, but without a single delegate here, we must lose the vote of the whole delegation. It is too bad — it is, indeed — it is a calamity. Can nothing be done?"

"I am afraid not," said the Mayor, "but we shall do it if it is in the power of man."

And lying by the open window, Dick Hiller heard all that was said. He did not know much about political matters, but he knew that there was some one at Turtle Point who was needed in Jugport — needed to help the man who had been so kind to him. Dick was an orphan, and his contact with the world had made

him resourceful. The man needed was at Turtle Point; Wicklow's Circus was at Turtle Point, and so was Jehan Phœbus. A thought had come to him, and his heart beat tumultuously. He glanced at the weather-vane on the court house. The gilded arrow was pointing toward Turtle Point, and a strong breeze was fluttering the great flag above. A sudden light leaped into his eyes and a cry brought Carl from the next room. A few moments later Carl was writing a dispatch dictated by Dick — a dispatch to Jehan Phœbus, the little French aëronaut, to bring Jack Sanderson to Jugport in his balloon.

"He'll do it," said Dick, his voice shaking with excitement. "He will be making the ascent in less than an hour, and the wind is right. Oh, if we are just in time."

"We must have a dispatch sent to Sanderson, too," panted Carl, as he seized his hat. "I must see father and his friends at once and tell them. I say, Dick, you are a genius."

He did not wait to say more, but left the house at a run. He overtook his father and the other two men before they reached the court house, and in a frenzy of haste told them of Dick's plan. A few moments later Carl and the man from Deepwater were being driven furiously toward the telegraph office, while Judge Bigelow and the Mayor hurried in the direction of the court house.

The news that the delegation from Turtle Point could not reach Jugport had already spread through the town. It reached the ears of Simon Sidwell and his supporters and was hailed with a feeling of intense joy. The wily office-seeker rubbed his hands together in deepest satisfaction. Right at the moment when defeat stared them in the face came the promise of complete victory. They lost no time in confirming the good news, and a messenger was dispatched to the telegraph office at once. The wires were down between Jugport and Turtle Point, but communication was still open by sending the messages around by St. Louis and Springfield. And just as the convention was being called to order, Simon Sidwell received a dispatch from one of his friends at Turtle Point that the delegation there had abandoned making any attempt to reach Jugport. That settled the matter in their minds, and already flushed with anticipated victory, they entered the convention room in the best of spirits.

In the meantime the Bigelow men had not been idle. Swiftly and quietly the word was passed from one to another of the Judge's friends, till all the trusted ones knew the secret, but they were careful to make no demonstration. They must work quietly and hold back the ballotting if it should be necessary. Upon the tower of the water works, a man, armed with a powerful telescope, watched the sky to the south, while down at the telegraph office another, in order to cut off the Sidwell men from further communication with Turtle Point, sat complacently by and had the opening chapters of "The Vicar of Wakefield" transmitted over the wire. The operator laughed softly at the novelty of the affair, and to the Sidwell messenger who wanted to send a message he only replied that the wires were occupied by other matter. They went away smiling placidly. What did it matter anyway? They already had the assurance that not only was it impossible for the delegation to reach Jugport, but that it would make no attempt to do so.

While this was going on, Dick Hiller and Carl Bigelow watched the horizon to the south with burning anxiety. Carl had pulled the bed to the open window, and each being provided with an opera glass, they watched and waited. A good stiff breeze was still blowing from the south, and the gilded arrow on the weather-vane still pointed toward Turtle Point. Dick's anxiety increased as the minutes went by. So many things might intervene to bring disaster to the enterprise; the falling or the sudden shifting of the wind; a delay in getting the message to Jehan, or a failure to get word to Sanderson or some of his friends. Then there might be some mishap to the balloon, or any of a score of things might happen to spoil everything. But Dick did not let his mind dwell on these unpleasant possibilities. He would much rather look on the bright side. Once the flag dropped on the staff for an instant, and the hearts of the boys fell. But almost instantly it rose again, proudly, gloriously, as if in reproof of the doubting watchers.

"God bless the flag!" cried Dick, a lump rising in his throat, "and God bless the wind! — it is not going to fail us."

And while the boys waited and watched, and while the man on the tower kept his telescope pointed toward the rim of the horizon that fell like a curtain behind the top of Sandy Mountain; while

the man at the telegraph office was feeding the wire the masterpiece of Oliver Goldsmith, the machinery of the convention was being put in operation again. The Sidwell men wore an air of security and confidence that was visible at a glance. The Bigelow men were silent and impassive. Their hopes hung by a slender thread which even the slightest veering of the wind might snap asunder, but they would cling to that hope, and stand together to the last.

The routine of business dragged slowly along, and the Bigelow men made no effort to expedite it. There were the reports of the various committees — on credentials, on the order of business, on resolutions — and all of these consumed time. When this part of the business had been dispatched the convention was ready to receive nominations. It was at this juncture that there came two quick flashes of sunlight in at the west window. They came from some one on the water tower, bringing a silent message to the Bigelow men that caused their hearts to leap with sudden joy.

And while this was taking place, a lawyer from Fulton was making the nominating speech that placed the name of Simon Sidwell before the convention. He made a flowery speech of twenty minutes, and was vigorously applauded when he finished. Then the Mayor of Jugport arose to nominate Judge Bigelow. He spoke with calm deliberation. He said that the man whose name he proposed to place before the convention needed no introduction to the people of the county, nor praise from any orator — and then he went on to introduce and praise the Judge. The people knew the man, and knowing him, they had repeatedly honored him. He had repaid that honor by the highest integrity in office and devotion to justice which had made him respected and loved by all. He had not intended to say much, he said, but before closing felt constrained to speak of the calamity that had interposed to prevent one of the delegations from attending the convention — a delegation which would have given its entire vote to the man he was about to place in nomination. At this allusion broad smiles were visible on the faces of the Sidwell men, but he paid no heed to these, and when he had finished the applause that followed was an assurance of the popularity of his candidate.

All this time Dick Hiller and Carl Bigelow remained at the

open window, keeping a vigilant watch — as a shipwrecked sailor might watch for the sight of a sail. Neither ever knew who saw it first. But, suddenly, there it was — a black speck against the blue of the sky! Dick rubbed his eyes and levelled the glass again. Carl did the same, but neither of them spoke. Again their glasses were brought to bear on the spot. High over the summit of Sandy Mountain floated one speck in all the waste of sky! Slowly and steadily it appeared to expand until its outlines were as clearly traced against the blue as if they had been drawn on paper. Simultaneously the glasses dropped, and without uttering a word the boys grasped each other's hands.

"It is Jehan!" said Dick, his voice vibrating with emotion. "He is bringing the delegate from Turtle Point!"

And at the same instant the man on the water tower had seen it and was heliographing the news to the delegates in the convention hall; but none of the Sidwell men knew the import of those three rapid flashes of sunlight that were shot in at the western window; only the Bigelow men knew, and to them it was as a bugle blast of victory.

When the balloting began the first delegation to be called was that from Deepwater, which announced four for Simon Sidwell and four for Judge Bigelow. Dodsburg was next, and when it was called the chairman of the delegation announced:

"Fourteen for Simon Sidwell, and seven for Judge Bigelow."

This was greeted with a great demonstration of applause from the Sidwell men, and it was some time before the tumult was quieted sufficiently to permit the business to proceed.

"Fulton," called the secretary.

"Ten for Simon Sidwell and eight for Judge Bigelow," came the response, and again the Sidwell men cheered. But the Bigelow men retained their composure and made no counter demonstration. They could afford to be calm. So far there had not been a single break in their ranks, and the indications were that there would be none. Again the heliograph from the tower flashed its burning message into the room four times in quick succession — and the Bigelow men understood, and it was with a great effort that they suppressed the impulse to applaud.

"Gurlock," called the secretary. There was a momentary

pause, and then the chairman of the delegation arose and in a squeaky voice announced: "Six for Simon Sidwell and *eight for Judge Bigelow!*" throwing such emphasis on the last words that a roar of laughter went through the house, which was swept under by the thunderous applause that came from the Bigelow crowd. And in the midst of the confusion again the heliograph flashed its light through the window — five times in rapid succession, and a great wave of joy leaped into the breasts of those who saw and understood.

"Jugport!" called the secretary.

The Mayor, who was chairman of the delegation, arose and announced:

"Fourteen for Simon Sidwell and twenty for Judge Bigelow!"

Then the Bigelow crowd cheered with a will; but not solely on account of the vote of Jugport, for again the mysterious light had swept in at the window, bringing its last message — an assurance of speedy victory. So secure in their position did they fancy themselves, and so sure of victory were they, that the Sidwell men lost sight of everything else. They did not hear the sounds of excitement that came from the people on the square as a balloon had settled down from the sky and alighted two blocks away; nor did they hear the rapid roll of wheels as one of the occupants of the balloon was driven madly to the court house and fairly carried up the broad stairway. They heard none of these sounds, and when the secretary of the convention called "Turtle Point," they greeted it with a roar of laughter that fairly shook the house. But it soon died on their lips, for above the tumult a voice that most of them knew was shouting — the voice of Jack Sanderson: "*As chairman of the Turtle Point delegation, I am authorized to cast its thirteen votes for Judge Bigelow!*"

They looked toward the door and saw Jack Sanderson raised aloft on the shoulders of half a dozen men, while he shouted the words that ran like the notes of a bugle through the hall and drove every vestige of a smile from their faces. The face of Simon Sidwell turned ashy in its paleness; hoarse, inarticulate murmurs went through the crowd of Sidwell men, and a sudden, awful calm fell over them. Then it was that all the pent-up enthusiasm of the Bigelow men broke loose, and a mighty storm of applause

shook the house to its very foundation. Men threw their hats in the air and shouted till they were hoarse, and never in its history had the old court house witnessed such a scene. The protest of a delegate that the Turtle Point credentials had not been filed when its chairman voted was ignored.

It was, indeed, a great victory, and when the prolonged uproar was at last stilled and Judge Bigelow declared the nominee of the convention, the delegates again cheered and, taking Jack Sanderson on their shoulders, carried him to the platform, where he was compelled to make a speech, the first, he declared, he had ever tried to make in his life. "But if there is ever to be a time in my life when I feel like making a speech," he said, "this is certainly the time." And they all agreed with him.

Then they hustled Jehan Phœbus on to the platform and made him tell how he had brought the delegate from Turtle Point, and when he had finished they filled his hat with silver dollars, which they asked him to accept as a present, and when the convention adjourned the whole delegation from Turtle Point went down and paid its respects to Dick Hiller.

And as Hi Simpkins, the philosopher of Jugport, afterward said, "It is the small things that go ter meck up the world, fer who could foresee that the fallin' uv a platform in the ring at the circus would be the breaking uv the worst political ring that ever ruled the county?"

# The Hat Pharmacy.*

BY LYDIA FELICIA PERKINS.

HE little town of Democrat was somnolent, if not asleep, before the new pharmacy was established. Democrat had once cherished great ambitions, but that was before Empire, the neighboring town, but five miles away, got the court house. Only one who has lived in a small ambitious town knows the bitterness of the defeated at such small triumphs and the ill-concealed exultation of the successful. The people of Democrat, after this blow, sank into a doze that might have deepened into a Rip Van Winkle sleep if the new pharmacy had not been located in the centre of the town.

The oldest and the youngest and intermediate inhabitants watched the construction of the new building from the moment when the first load of bricks was dumped — watched the evolution from a mass of brick, lumber and mortar of an imposing building — a building that looked down superciliously on the post office and the Metropolitan Hotel.

When the stock was in, and a soda-water fountain besides, the citizens were invited to an opening. And while the amiable visitors gawked around at the handsome furnishings, a phonograph sputtered and buzzed out Sousa's marches, and a languishing voice sang "Old Kentucky Home" as natural as life, and as an encore "Old Black Joe," which made the audience cheer feverishly. Then the proprietor urged Phyllis Hackett, the belle of Democrat, to sing into the phonograph because Lem Bond said she could sing "purtier than it could." But Phyllis refused. Then every one was treated to soda water and went away rejoicing.

But it was not of the phonograph nor the soda water that every one of them hummed about when out of ear shot. It was of the proprietor, Julius Murray, who, during the entire evening, wore his

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soft gray hat pulled low over his face. And it was not long before the people on the outlying farms around Democrat had heard that the "boss" at the drug store wore a hat on all occasions.

"Do tell!" the incredulous yokel would cry, and "drop in" casually, staring innocently at the proprietor in the hat, and before parting would leave a dime or nickel behind him — taking a glass of soda water or a tune on the phonograph as an equivalent. The news grew and waxed extravagant, as gossip will, and it was full-grown rumor that the bell-boy at the Metropolitan Hotel said that the drug-store man slept and ate with his hat on.

Phyllis Hackett's father was a large landholder in Democrat and was quite willing to interest others in this land. The next time he went over to Empire to attend court he told every one about the excellently equipped drug store — and the man in the hat played a prominent part in the narrative. He so interested a drummer that the man went over with him in his buggy, and before he shook the dust of Democrat from his feet had left some sample goods in the drug store, and Murray was to get a handsome commission on all that he sold.

This was a shrewd move on Hackett's part. The drummer, in his own interest, spread the news wherever he stopped, and more drummers came, and more goods were left at the drug store, and the man in the hat, within a year, had to enlarge his building to accommodate his thriving trade.

Phyllis Hackett, following her father's injunctions, told her young friends in Empire about the soda water and the phonograph, and especially emphasized to the girls the mysterious proprietor, who was just "awfully handsome" and wore his soft hat well over his face. So it became quite the fashion for crowds of young people to come over on moonlit nights to listen to phonograph selections and drink soda water.

The county paper came out with a long article with scare headlines — no names given — of a man who, for some mysterious reason, always wore his hat. It cited other remarkable incidents in history, and wound up in a lurid sea of mixed metaphor and figures of speech, and spoke of "The Black Knight" who wore his visor and iron gloves on all occasions. But the article appealed to the public, and was the best sort of an advertisement for the

man in the hat, whose business increased with each day, and with his growing prosperity the town was naturally benefited. And the people of Empire were obliged to come to Democrat for their drugs.

Then, thanks to the drummers, the railroad that had been threatening to throw out an arm from Metropolis, ten miles away, and for which Empire had fought and schemed and prayed ever since it secured the court house, sent surveyors over to Democrat. Hackett took charge of them and entertained royally — drove them around to the drug store — introduced them to Murray, who treated them to the best soda water, and Phyllis completed the conquest by presiding at a dinner given to them.

Julius Murray came over to Hackett's that night and walked with Phyllis on the lawn, and with his soft voice spoke tentatively on those subjects that interest two young things under the moon and mellow stars. And Phyllis, while she longed to know why he never took off his hat, was attracted because he did not, and because she knew not why.

When it became a regular occurrence for Murray to stroll on the lawn with Phyllis, and when Bond always found him ahead of him, he quarrelled with Phyllis. She proved obdurate and he threatened to knock off the fellow's hat. This, however, was merely breath.

The surveyors went back to Metropolis and reported Democrat a thriving and satisfactory town, with iron ore in the immediate vicinity. So the railroad came.

On the evening that its arrival was celebrated in Democrat, after a jollification at the drug store, Bond and Murray both asked Phyllis at the same time to walk home with her. She shyly turned to Murray.

For she had learned to love the soft gray hat because it shadowed the most disquieting and fascinating eyes she had ever met. She was magnetized by the eyes beneath the hat, but still more curious about the hat above the eyes, and as it is a well-known fact that a woman's curiosity is only equalled by her goodness, the hat prevailed.

The first question she put after saying "Yes" to Murray was not, "Where did you get that hat?" but:

"Julius, why do you wear that hat?"

He looked long and peculiarly into her eyes.

"Guess," he answered.

"Because you are — bald?"

"No."

"Oh, Julius, don't tell me they are right when they say it is a disguise!"

"Do you believe them, Phyllis?"

"You know I don't," she answered. "Yet people will talk."

"Promise you won't hate me when you know my reason, and I will promise to throw it aside when we marry."

Her sweet arms clasped him about the neck trustingly, and curiosity struggled with love in her face lifted to his.

"Papa says," the girl continued," that all on account of your hat — I mean you — the town has become so prosperous, and that you brought the railroad here."

"Promise me, dear, that you won't turn from me."

"Surely not, Julius," she said anxiously.

"I was very poor and ambitious," he began. "I tried many ways to make money. My father had died much in debt, but he left me his little drug business, and I sold it out, paid off his debts, and Providence led me to Democrat. I knew that if I bought a small stock of drugs and went into business as my father had before me, I would fail, as he had, so I built things on a large plan. Then, knowing that advertising was everything, I decided to do something eccentric to attract custom, and wore a hat all the time. Do you hate me for my scheme?"

He swept off his hat and waited her answer.

Of course she was in love and her answer is not worth chronicling, as it was undoubtedly complimentary.

Though the proprietor discarded his hat on his wedding day, as he promised, yet the business, started so well, increased with the years, and every one still called his imposing drug store "The Hat Pharmacy."

# For Once — a Woman.*

BY OTHO B. SENGA.

HE sheriff of Yuma County was shot, and shot to death, and the man who did the deed was alive and at large.

Wherefore, because Dave Dudley was dead, and because his slayer lived, all Yuma approved when the deputy sheriff, "young Dave Dudley," assumed the vacant office.

Notwithstanding its satisfaction to poetic justice, such a succession would hardly have taken place east of the Missouri, for the simple reason that young Dave Dudley was a girl. Public sentiment in the effete East still clings fondly to a predilection for, at least, the outward semblance of manhood in such public officials.

They had drifted into Yuma two years before — the father and this strange girl, and Dave Dudley's value had been recognized at once. He was a giant in stature and in strength, and as one of his new admirers expressed it, "He could shoot in five different directions at one and the same time, with a 'gun' in each hand."

When they pressed him to accept the office of sheriff, he shook his head, but after awhile he said, slowly, "Well, gentlemen, if young Dave can be my deputy, I'll take the office and do my best," adding, apologetically, "You see, gentlemen, I know what young Dave can do in the shape of shootin' and ridin'."

There was no secret made of young Dave's sex. She was introduced as, "My daughter, gentlemen," and no apology offered for nor comment made upon her unusual attire. Her costume was almost a counterpart of her father's — a big, soft felt hat, a loose shirt of dark blue flannel, heavy leather belt and corduroy trousers. But these last were made short like those of a small boy; and in

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place of the long-legged boots worn by her father, common foot-gear for all the men except the judge and the doctor, young Dave wore heavy, well-shaped, low shoes, and buttoned leggings, reaching above the knee. Some of the younger men of the town affected bright colors and gay figures in the loose silk ties they wore, but young Dave's ties were always black. Not in any way was there any excuse for or evasion into prettiness.

She was a tall, strong-limbed girl, with cold eyes, and a keen, resolute face. Her heavy, red-brown hair curled close to her head, and her skin was tanned to a clear brown by the pitiless sun and the burning winds. The mouth was her most attractive feature; the red lips were finely curved and, when she spoke, small, strong, even teeth gleamed whitely.

But Nature had not been over-gracious to her face, and was scant in courtesy to her form. She seemed built on a strictly boyish plan, with flat chest, wide waist and narrow hips. There were no rounded outlines, no tender curves, no feminine grace or softness of manner.

She had never been trammelled by feminine attire. The meagre assortments afforded by the frontier towns had given her father the choice of blue jeans or brown drilling in suits for boys, but there were no ready-made dresses for girls. When she was ten or twelve he had fashioned, with clumsy fingers, garments that were more in accordance with his preconceived notions of what should constitute feminine wearing apparel, but young Dave had eyed them with stern disfavor, and demanded clothes that were fit to ride in.

She had never been inside a church in her life. The nearest approach to a creed that she knew was her father's oft-repeated injunction: "Play fair and live white."

The few women in the place looked at young Dave with critical, unfriendly eyes, and the men received from her no cordial glance or encouraging smile.

Withal she was respected by every one, and even more feared by the lawless element among Americans and Mexicans than was her gigantic father. He was accounted at least human, for he talked to his fellows occasionally, and had been known to laugh; but no one had been able to win more than the briefest monosyllables

from young Dave, and the firm red lips seemed not to know the art of smiling.

The language of both the Dudleys was singularly correct, and always free from profanity. The elder Dave was known to cherish a profound admiration for the Bible, a copy of which he possessed, and from which he frequently quoted.

Once, a stranger in Yuma had asked concerning young Dave's mother — something in the contour of her face, and the suppleness of her slender, steel-like wrists suggesting a Spanish origin.

"Don't know nothin' 'bout the mother she was borned of," drawled the citizen, "but I'll bet the girl was nursed by a she-wolf."

There had been no malice in the killing of Dave Dudley. A drunken brawl, the sheriff's arrest of the two leaders, and a wild but fatal shot from the drunken hands of Glen Morton, a boy of barely twenty, a stranger in Yuma. In the excitement, and before it was realized that the sheriff was hurt, Morton had escaped.

A posse had been organized, and the surrounding country thoroughly searched for the murderer, and finally the chase had been given up as hopeless — given up by all but the new sheriff.

All Yuma knew that she still held to the belief that he was hidden somewhere in the mountains, and all Yuma averred that she would never rest, day or night, until the murderer was brought to justice. "I'd rather have a she-tiger on my track," said one of the men, and Yuma assented.

It had been tacitly agreed that she should be addressed as "Sheriff Dudley." To say "young Dave," as they had done heretofore, was to imply the existence of an old Dave. To address their sheriff as "Miss" was not to be considered for a moment, and they couldn't say "Mr. Dudley," of course. By which it may be inferred that certain formal observances were rigidly insisted upon in Yuma.

Hank Bragg, who had run against Dave the elder in the preceding election, just in the most friendly way — merely for form's sake, and to give the campaign the semblance of a contest, had been sworn in as deputy for young Dave.

The ordinary duties of the office devolved upon Hank, who with his wife had moved into the heavy one-story stone house, of which

the jail formed a part. The sheriff was absent from the town for days. She seemed as one possessed of but one thought — one overruling, all-consuming passion. Day and night she thought and planned and rode and searched. The lines in her cold, hard face deepened as the days went by. Wary and panther-like in her movements, with muscles of steel and nerves of iron, with keen eyes, and ears that caught even the stirring of a leaf, it seemed as if that which yielded itself not to her tireless search must indeed have been swallowed by an opportune opening of the earth.

And one warm night in December, nearly six weeks after the killing of Dave Dudley, the sheriff rode into town, leading at her left by a short "bit-rope" a jaded pony on which sat Glen Morton. His wrists were manacled, and his ankles tied under his horse's belly. The sheriff guided her own horse by her knees, a sawed-off shot-gun rested across the saddle horn, and her right hand held her "gun." The sheriff was prepared to protect the prisoner. Justice was not to be defeated by any friends the young dare-devil might have among the lawless whites or treacherous Mexicans.

The hour was late, and only a few stragglers followed the sheriff and the prisoner to the jail. In response to the sheriff's signal, Hank Bragg opened the door. Obedient to a motion from his superior, he cut the leather thongs that bound the prisoner's ankles, and half lifted him from the saddle.

"Middle room, Mr. Bragg, and search him," directed the sheriff, briefly. "Will you," turning to one of the men, "go for Dr. Marks? This gentleman," with an ironical inclination of her head toward the man being led into the jail, "this gentleman carries a bullet in his thigh."

The sheriff followed the deputy and his charge into the middle room. The prisoner was still fettered, and Bragg stood with his hands filled with articles taken from him. The sheriff glanced at them. "Is that all, Mr. Bragg?"

"All 'cept that there picter. S'pose we can leave him that," indicating a photograph lying on the cot.

"Put them in the safe, Mr. Bragg," she said, and the deputy went out, leaving the sheriff alone with the prisoner. With a quick movement she loosened the irons from his wrists.

"You'd better lie down," she said, not unkindly; "the doctor will be here soon." And as he obeyed, she lifted the photograph from the cot, regarding it curiously.

It was evidently the work of the ubiquitous kodak.

"That is my father, Sheriff Dudley," said the young man, courteously. "I am his only child. My mother died when I was born. We have always been together, we two. Never separated until I took this trip West three months ago. He does not know of my —" he paused and looked at her cold, hard face, and stoically added the word — "crime. Nor," with an irrepressible shudder, "of what is yet to come. He thinks me a boy yet, a child. Sheriff Dudley," half rising, with a sudden impassioned appeal in face and voice, "he is an old man, and I am his only son."

"And I — you forget —" came the stern voice of the girl as she turned her cold eyes toward him, "I am Dave Dudley's only daughter."

He dropped back upon the couch with a groan, and the door closed behind Sheriff Dudley.

"It's a bad wound, Sheriff," said the surgeon, later, "and the boy is suffering a good deal. I have administered an opiate, but if he is not asleep in half an hour, give him this powder, and I will come again early in the morning."

He added a few congratulatory words regarding the capture, to which the sheriff listened in stony silence. Her eyes saw only the gentle, kind old face of the picture, and her ears heard only the pleading voice of the wounded boy, "He is an old man, and I am his only son."

The deputy's question about the night watch was twice repeated before it was heard, and then she answered without looking at him. "It is now twelve o'clock, Mr. Bragg. I will take first watch, and will call you at three."

After Hank had gone, the sheriff stood motionless, with the powder in her hand, looking at the clock. Her head throbbed painfully, and this strange stricture in her throat — would it never cease? In a few minutes more it would be time to administer the powder, and then, without doubt, the prisoner would sleep until morning.

She knew what the morning would bring — there was no waiting for tardy justice in Yuma. She saw the rude courtroom, and the stern countenance of the judge; she saw the prisoner's boyish face, and a heavy hand seemed to clutch her heart as in fancy she heard the words: "And may God have mercy on your soul!"

She saw the sweet, peaceful face of the old man in the picture, and she fancied how it would grow white and haggard when they brought him the shameful tidings of his only child.

As one in a dreadful dream, she turned and went into her own room.

Ten minutes later Glen Morton, lying with wide-open eyes, heard the turning of the key in the door, and the sheriff entered, carrying a small dark-lantern and a tin cup. She placed these on the stone floor beside the cot, saying in a hoarse, changed voice, "Here is a powder Dr. Marks left for you in case you did not sleep," and, to Morton's surprise, went immediately from the room.

He listened for the noise of the lock and, not hearing it, raised himself upon his elbow, his heart throbbing wildly. There upon the floor was the cup of water and the small white package — the powder — but beside them lay a piece of white paper. He reached out for it, his temples beating, his hand trembling. It was an ordinary sheet of cheap writing paper. Pinned to it was a twenty-dollar bill. The pin used was of steel, very long and strong, with a heavy black head. He noticed this as he mechanically thrust it through the loose front of his flannel shirt. He stared at the writing on the sheet with a dull, uncomprehending gaze. Finally the dancing black marks resolved themselves into shape, and he read the words, written with a strong, firm hand, with no trace of indecision or faltering:

"Take the lantern with you. My bay mare is saddled in the stable. The back door is unlocked. I shall return to lock this door in ten minutes. The alarm cannot be given until three o'clock."

And then, down at the bottom of the sheet the words: "For your father's sake."

He sat for a moment stupefied. She was deliberately ruining herself to save him. "Because," he scornfully muttered, "because I pulled the old man racket over her."

But the scorn was not for the sheriff, nor for the woman she had shown herself to be.

He sat upon the cot, with his hands pressed hard upon his burning eyes, thinking.

He reviewed the six weeks that had just passed, his flight, his terror, the pitiless search for him. He looked forward, seeing a whole lifetime like that, never safe, never in peace — a life like a hunted beast.

Then he thought of the girl. He realized what would be in store for her, the suspicion, the questioning; the aspersion cast upon her honor as an officer, perhaps even — he turned sick at the thought — upon her honor as a woman. He saw her, derided, assailed, scorned by the very men who now trusted, respected and feared her.

Then he thought of Dave Dudley. He had known him well enough to have heard Dave's brief yet comprehensive creed: Play fair and live white.

He raised his hands in a gesture of appeal. "Dave," he whispered, "I haven't lived white, but I'll play fair this last time, and maybe the rest will be forgiven."

With steady hands he mixed the powder in the water and drank it, and in a few minutes pushed the lantern under the cot.

Lying there in the darkness, with alert senses, that even the heavy opiate could not dull, the love of life and the dread of to-morrow came upon him with resistless force.

He seemed stifling — choking. He tore open his collar at the throat. What was that? He held the pin in his fingers, and noted its length and strength, and the large, heavy head. A new thought came to him, and he yielded to its suggestion.

Poor, erring boy! Yours is not the only heart that has planned to do a brave deed, and then failed of its fullest nobility at the crucial test.

Well for us that a merciful Father sees not only what we are, but what we tried to be.

Sheriff Dudley came down the narrow corridor with rapid, noiseless steps. She paused at the iron door, opened it slightly and peered in. All was dark. She turned her head and listened carefully, but heard no sound. She stood for a moment beside the

door, then closed it with a little shuddering sigh, and Dave Dudley's daughter had betrayed her trust.

She stole back to her own room, and threw herself upon the bed. The seconds seemed hours as she lay there, wide-eyed and shivering. This, then, was the end of her tireless search, this was the vengeance for the murder of her father.

What was this thing that she had done?

Could she ever live to bear the light, and face the eyes of men who called for justice, not pity?

When the clock struck three, she rose heavily, and went to the door of Hank's room. She looked strangely old and worn. Even Hank noticed this, as he stumbled, half awake, into the corridor.

"How is he?" he asked, sleepily.

"I — I don't know — that is, he is sleeping." She hated the lie she must tell, and added with parched lips, "The powder, you know."

"Wal, yes," assented Hank, "pretty powerful, I s'pose. Reckon I needn't go near him?"

She handed him the key, but did not answer. She longed to scream, to shout out the shameful truth: "He isn't there! I've let him go!"

She wished he would go to look at the prisoner. Why didn't he go at once, discover his absence, and end this torture?

But no one would ever suspect her. Did not all Yuma know of her unresting search, her unspoken vow for vengeance? She clenched her hands and walked with firm steps to her own room.

But Hank had visited the middle room.

"Young Dave," he called, forgetting his manners in his excitement, "come quick!"

She turned quickly — she was quite prepared, and yet the note of alarm in his voice gave her a sudden shock.

"Come quick," he repeated; "he's dead!"

"Dead!" echoed the sheriff, dully.

"Yes, you come see."

There was no thought of shielding her from the truth, no thought of sparing her the sight of the dead man, because of her womanhood. To him she was Dave Dudley, the sheriff of Yuma County. And Dave Dudley had never been spared anything.

"D'ye s'pose 'twas that there powder?" whispered Hank.

"Perhaps," she answered, briefly. "Go out and bring Dr. Marks. He may not be dead."

She stood by the dead man's side until she heard the heavy clang of the outer door as it closed after Hank. Then she made a quick search, over and under the body, and around the cot on which it lay. Within the calico case of the hard fibre pillow she found the twenty-dollar bill, wrapped in the lower part of the sheet of paper. The word "father's" had been carefully torn away, and the remaining words: "For your sake," told her why Glen Morton had remained.

Her quick intuition divined the disposal he had made of the rest of the paper.

Still she seemed not satisfied. She searched the body carefully again, opening the front of the loose shirt, and passing her hand over the left side. Glen Morton's knowledge of anatomy had been sufficient for his purpose. And the sheriff's understanding of the desperate deeds of desperate men guided her hand aright. The pin was buried to its head.

Her firm mouth set closer. She neither paled nor shivered, as with quick, strong fingers she snapped the head from the steel, buttoned the shirt and adjusted the dead man's loose tie.

Bragg's suspicions regarding the powder spread in whispers.

"'Twas too strong," said Hank. And Yuma agreed.

They made the briefest possible examination of the body — the county had been spared the expense of a trial, and Dr. Marks was a general favorite.

And they rendered the vague, but eminently satisfactory verdict: "Died of heart failure."

It was nearly time for election. Young Dave firmly declined a nomination, and Yuma acquiesced. Young Dave had been a good sheriff, doing her duty like a man. Her bravery and fidelity were appreciated, but it was only natural that she should lose interest, since her father was dead and his murderer beyond the reach of human justice or vengeance. Thus reasoned Yuma.

And when young Dave departed, her silence was respected, as had been her life among them, and none questioned her purpose or destination.

In Hutchinson, after a year's persistent search, she found the original of the photograph — there was no mistaking the gentle old face, and the peaceful, dreamy expression.

With the sight of his tranquil happiness she would stifle her fierce scorn and self-condemnation, and soothe her tortured soul, abased by its own defection.

Almost in exaltation, she questioned a man living near.

"Yes, that was Mr. Morton. A 'piscopal minister — didn't preach now. Never had a son. Took a kid from the Farm School wunst. A slick, soft-spoken young rascal. Tormented the old man 'most to death; stole his money and ran away. But the old man's forgot that, and everything else that happened late years. His mind's gone back to when he was a boy."

Young Dave turned away, crushed by the bitterness of utter failure. She had yielded to the one womanly impulse of her life — a sickly sentiment of womanish pity, she thought fiercely — and this was her punishment.

The helpless old man, for whose sake she had betrayed her trust, had forgotten the boy she tried to save.

# Between Two Suns.*

BY HARRY STILWELL EDWARDS.

EN in jeans and homespun, singly and by twos and threes, rode into the outer grove. They spoke in whispers and each, as he came into the circle of light from the log fire, dismounted, pressed forward and, touching his hat, took the father's hand.

The burning logs of pine sent upward fitful flames that summoned the house with its Doric columns from the shadow behind its magnolias, making flashlight pictures that came and vanished in quiet succession. The aisles among the trees alternated between solemn vistas and a gloom more solemn.

Behind, on the horizon, the lights of a city ten miles away shone like setting stars.

No search of the premises was made — experience had taught these men the futility of search. They waited. That which they waited for came at last, a dog of the "July" breed, obtained from the camp of the county convicts miles away, a dog small, listless, with long drooping ears and awkward limbs. A negro, shod with brogans, his back to a fence, might defy a dozen such — with a stout cudgel he could protect himself from a score. But in the brief span of its life, this one had cost many a guilty man his liberty. He could pick up a human trail and follow it with unerring skill, faulting never, except when the scent merged perfectly with something familiar. And, even then, if left patiently to work out his problem, he would succeed.

The cotton planter turned to the negroes who, coming to the

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* The writer of this story received a cash prize of $100 in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending February 26, 1902.

scene of excitement, stood waiting just outside the circle of light. He spoke gently:

"Go now, boys, to your own homes, and do not move about to-night. I thank you all for coming, and I know that the man we are after doesn't belong here. We don't raise that kind. You — Aleck and Uncle Peter and Silas — may remain with me. Your mistress is too ill to be left, and our friends will do all that is necessary."

The negroes dispersed silently, the three named excepted. And then the owner of the dog took the axe which had been found in the house and suffered the animal to sniff at its handle a moment, which he did with increasing interest, and with full comprehension of what was expected of him. He was next taken on to the porch where the entrance had been made, and where he recognized at once a kindred scent. He followed the invisible trail through the window into the room, whisking his tail in growing excitement. He placed his forefeet in the opposite window, looked into the night and down on the ground eight feet below, and whined.

Taking him by the collar, his owner reached outward and downward as far as possible and dropped him. Almost instantly he rushed into the darkness across the flower garden, baying loudly, jumped a fence, passed through the orchard and into a cotton field.

The mounted men in the yard galloped around to a farm gate and the sound of the rushing feet of their horses grew fainter and fainter and died out in the direction of the dog's voice, which was receding straight away.

The night was still and the shrill voice of the hound could be heard distinctly for more than a mile. Suddenly it failed. Minutes of silence passed.

"Dey's in de big road," said Peter simply. The assembling horsemen or a passing stranger had crossed the scent. Presently, away off toward the right, the hound opened again, and then the character of his cries changed. All three negroes started and leaned forward in excitement.

"Treed!" said Peter.

Thirty minutes later the cavalcade re-entered the grove, the planter advancing to meet them. By a mighty effort, he had up

to this moment restrained himself, but at sight of a low, thickset, barefoot negro, with elbows bound, and led by a plow line, he lost control. Seizing the axe he rushed upon the wretched man and, but that several spurred their horses across his path while others threw themselves from their saddles and disarmed him, the night's excitement would have ended there.

"Hold, Colonel!" said a gray-haired man, who had been acting as leader. "We mustn't make er mistake. Let yo' daughter identify him and we'll 'tend to the rest. Gentlemen," he continued, turning to the crowd, "it will be embarrassin' for th' young lady to face so many. I think that we oughter draw aside till it's over."

He set the example by riding out of the circle of the light, all following except the two who held the prisoner.

Obedient to her father's whispered summons, the girl came from the house and stood by the blazing logs, and as she waited, pale and trembling on finding herself the focus of so many eyes, the negro was brought forward.

She had seen the face of the robber who entered her room, and whom she had beaten off, in a dim light only, but its every feature was indelibly impressed upon her memory. The sight of that face again stilled her beating heart and calmed every nerve. Something of that wonderful courage which had armed her with the strength of a man and saved her life when the desperate criminal would have slain her to escape — the courage which carried her brother up the hill at Gettysburg to die under the guns of Doubleday — returned. Her level gaze sought his eyes, but they would not meet it. Once, once only, they rested on her face. No pity, no mercy, was there. It was the face of a judge and an executioner. She had not spoken when shrieks broke the stillness and a negro woman, who had come across the cotton field, plunged into the light and, falling, clasped the girl's knees. The woman was almost breathless with excitement and exhaustion. She had run from the distant cabin where the negro had been seized. He was her boy, and came but seldom to this plantation, and then only to escape the consequences of crime elsewhere.

"Don't do it, Missy — for God's sake! It warnt him! No, 'fo God, it warnt him! he been dere all night! Say it warnt him,

honey — yo' Mammy's boy, honey! An' she nussed you an' yourn! Yo' sisters died in my arms! Speak, Missy! Tell 'em quick, honey, it warnt Mammy's — Mammy's boy!"

She grovelled in the dust, she laid her cheek on the young woman's feet and, seizing her hand, she kissed and patted it, filling the air with prayers to her and to God. Some of the men turned away their faces.

"Silence," said the master at length, sternly. "Daughter, is this the man?"

"Missy! Missy! For God's sake!"

The girl reached down and rested her hand on the head of the old woman. Her face was white and her voice barely audible.

"Hush, Mammy!" She looked intently on the brutal face of the prisoner, who had been brought closer. A shudder shook her form, but she did not turn away her eyes. The words she spoke then were inaudible to any of the group except her father. He started violently.

"Child! Child!" he cried, a look of fear on his face. "Remember what you are doing!"

"What does your daughter say, Colonel?" asked the leader.

The planter paused and looked on the girl, whose struggle to be calm was apparent to all. He waited in vain.

"That this is *not* the man!" he said at length.

The amazement of the crowd was evident, though there was no immediate response. The members drew slowly into little groups. The leader sat his horse, thoughtfully regarding the girl.

"If she's sartin, thar ain't nothin' for us to do but turn him loose and try ag'in. My young frien' — are you sartin that this ain't ther man who went into yo' room to-night?" The girl looked appealingly towards him, the negro woman patting her hand and moaning.

"I am certain," she said, and her white face was not turned away. The old man gazed steadily into it and lifted his hat.

Every man in the party read the meaning of his action and every hat was lifted silently as the woman and girl withdrew.

"Colonel," he said, when they were gone, "under this statement of th' case, we can't do nothin' but turn th' man loose. In a court house, if she went thar, as you wouldn't have her, yo'

daughter would acquit th' prisoner. Public opinion wouldn't indorse any vi'lence on our part. Boys, untie him!"

The negro was being untied, his hands extended for the purpose, when the man who was working at the knot paused, looking intently at the prisoner's wrist. He called the leader and whispered to him; and as he whispered the negro sought to draw the wrist back under the rough shirt sleeve.

"In th' struggle, Colonel," said the leader, coming now to where the father stood thoughtful and depressed, his eyes bent on the flickering fire, "did yo' daughter say anything erbout er wound she made? Try an' remember, please, sah — it may save her comin' back."

"None whatever. The pistol she held was seized and would have been wrenched from her but that in her desperation she succeeded in — Wait! Wait!" he cried, rushing forward. "There must have been a wound! Look for a wound on his wrist!"

The negro's arm was seized and, in spite of a frantic struggle on his part to conceal it, the print of the girl's teeth, where they had sunk into the flesh, became visible. He would have cried out, but a hand was laid over his mouth until a gag had been found.

"Stay here, Colonel," said the leader as the party mounted and rode away with their prisoner. "We won't need no help!"

The planter remained. He waited sadly by the fire until Peter extinguished it and then passed slowly to the house.

Through the still open window he saw his daughter on her knees, convulsed with the agony of remorse for her first lie. Her "Mammy," bending over her, was powerless to comfort. The girl was crying.

"Thou knowest my heart! Thou knowest if I have sinned against Thee! Thou — Thou hast said, 'Vengeance is *mine* — *I* will repay!'"

The father bowed his head and passed on in silence. As he stood at the end of the porch, mute and oppressed, there came across the fields the faint echo of a volley.

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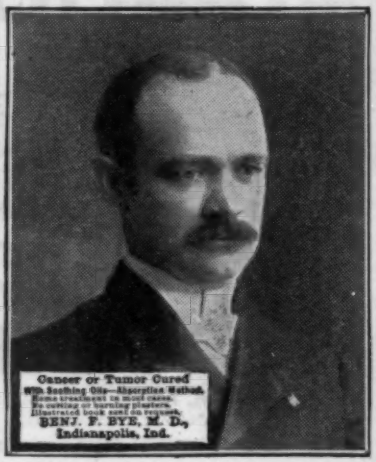
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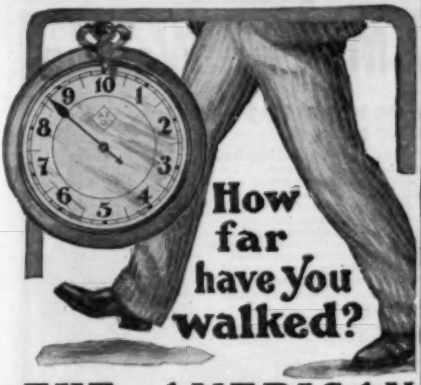


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**MYSELF CURED** I will gladly inform anyone addicted to **COCAINE. MORPHINE. OPIUM OR LAUDANUM,** of a never-failing harmless Home Cure. Address **MRS. M. I. BALDWIN, P. O. Box 1212, Chicago, Ill.**

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## Print My Own Cards

Circulars, Newspaper. Press **$5.** Larger size, **$18.** Money saver. Big profits printing for others. Type-setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c., to factory. **THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.**

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## Ten Days FREE TRIAL

allowed on every bicycle bought of us before purchase is binding.

We **ship C. O. D. on approval** to anyone *without a cent deposit.*

## New 1903 Models

| | | |
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| **"Bellise,"** | complete | **$8.75** |
| **"Cossack,"** | Guaranteed High Grade | **$10.75** |
| **"Siberian,"** | a beauty | **$12.75** |
| **"Neudorf,"** | Road Racer | **$14.75** |

no better bicycles at any price.

*Any other make or model you want at one-third usual price.* Choice of any standard tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. *Strongest guarantee.*

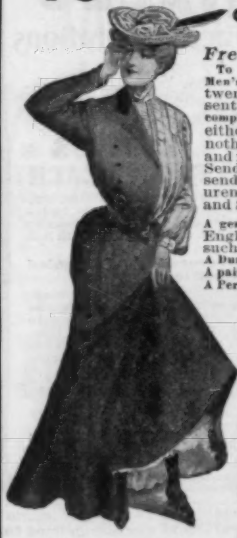
**RIDER AGENTS WANTED** in every town to buy sample wheel *at special price* and take orders for our improved '03 models. *There's big money in it.*

**500 Good 2nd-hand Wheels $3 to $8.**

DO NOT BUY a bicycle until you have written for our free catalog with large photographic engravings and full descriptions.

**MEAD CYCLE CO.** Dept. 129 A Chicago.

# $10 Dresses any Man or Woman



**COMPLETE FROM HEAD TO TOE IN LATEST STYLE.**

*Free Samples and Measurement Blanks.*

To introduce direct to the wearer our Ladies' and Men's Custom Tailoring, we will make the first twenty thousand suits absolutely to measures sent us for only $10, and give the following complete Outfits FREE. Actually $28 value for either Ladies' or Men's outfit for only $10, and nothing to pay until after you receive the suit and free outfit and find it just as represented. Send us your name and P. O. address and we will send you Free Samples of Cloth, 5-ft. tape line, and measurement blank for size of Suit, Hat, Shirt, Shirt-waist and Shoes.

**MEN'S OUTFIT.**

A genuine Cheviot Men's Suit, Made to Measure in the latest English Sack Style, well made and durably trimmed, such a suit as some tailors charge . . . $20.00
A Dunlap block Derby or Fedora Hat . . . . 2.50
A pair of stylish Lace Shoes, the new queen last 2.50
A Percale Shirt with Collar and Cuffs attached 1.25
A neat silk Four-in-hand Necktie or Bow .50
A pair of fancy Web Elastic Suspenders . .50
A Japanese Silk Handkerchief . . . . .50
A pair of fancy Lisle Thread Socks . . . .25
Thousands of American citizens pay daily for this . . . . . $28.00

**LADIES' OUTFIT.**

A genuine Wool Mixed Repellant Latest Style, Ladies' Tailor-Made Blouse Suit, for such ladies' tailors charge . . $20.00
Mohair Felt or Straw trimmed Hat 2.50
Pair Stylish Shoes . . . . . 2.50
Fancy Percale Shirt-waist . 1.50
Pair Lisle Thread Hose . . . .50
Lace Bordered Handkerchief . .50
Handsome Patent Leather Belt .50
Thousands of Ladies pay daily for this . . . . $28.00

**DON'T DELAY.** After having filled 20,000 orders our prices for these suits will be $20 and **NO FREE ARTICLES.**

Reference: First National Bank, Chicago, Capital, $12,000,000.

**GENTS' COMPLETE OUTFITTING CO.,** Ladies' Department, 718 Gents' Department, 818 **242 Market St., Chicago.**

# MAGIC LANTERNS

**STEREOPTICONS and VIEWS**

for Public Exhibitions, Church Entertainments, for illustrating sermons. Many sizes, all prices. Chance for men with little capital to **make money.** 260 page catalogue free.

**McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, N. Y.**

# ONE DOLLAR

**FOR ONE DOLLAR WITH ORDER WE SHIP BICYCLES TO ANY ADDRESS SUBJECT TO APPROVAL.**

**$10.95** Buys Our New Improved High Grade 1903 Model Gents' Newton Bicycle. All styles and makes at ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES. For the most wonderful bicycle offer ever made, lowest prices known and FREE TRIAL OFFER, Write for Free Bicycle Catalogue. Address,

**SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.**

# LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA

AND PARALYSIS CONQUERED AT LAST BY

**DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE FOOD.**

Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures

**FREE. DR. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

## The Gem Pocket Cigarette Roller

HOLDS TOBACCO and FITS VEST POCKET

No matter how well you can roll a cigarette by hand you can not compete with the GEM. It makes 7c perfect cut of a 5c pack of any smoking tobacco. Special price in lots to agents.

**Sent Anywhere by Mail for 50c**

Gem Cigarette Roller Co. COLORADO, COLO

**THE 16-FOOTER.** The biggest, safest, handsomest, completest of its size, and a half to three-fourths of a mile faster per hour. Send five stamps for catalogue. Agencies in all large cities.

**TRUSCOTT BOAT MANUFACTURING CO., St. Joseph, Michigan.**

## We Carpet Your Floor for $3

To introduce our new, serviceable and healthful

BRUSSELETTE ART RUGS

Attractive and artistic patterns, woven on both sides and in all colors and sizes. Easily kept clean and warranted to outwear higher-priced carpets. Sent prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Illustrated catalogue showing rugs in actual colors sent free.

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## WANTED

Ladies to embroider doilies and centerpieces at home; steady work; all materials furnished; highest prices paid; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope to ELY NOVELTY CO., Dept. L, Ely Bldg., Chicago.

## $5.00

Per hundred for addressing envelopes, send dime and stamp for full instructions. Steady work.
C. E. MILLER & CO., Dept. M, Ely Bldg., Chicago.

## BIG MONEY IN MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS.

People are buying more by mail than ever before; one mail-order house does a business of a million dollars monthly; another receives 2,000 letters daily, nearly all containing money; mail-order trading is unquestionably the business method of the future. The field is large, the possibilities unlimited. Let us send you our plan (free) for starting beginners; it covers every point.

CENTRAL SUPPLY CO., 1020 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS—ONLY DEVICE FOR IRONING PUFFS, GATHERS, TUCKS IN SHIRT WAISTS. NEEDED IN EVERY HOME. EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY AND SPECIAL TERMS TO GENERAL AGENTS. CATALOGUE AND PARTICULARS FREE. AMERICAN CONS. ALLI., Inc., 67 Wabash, Chicago.

## Kitchen Utensils

WE MAKE

HAVING THIS TRADE MARK

(burned in the enamel) are SAFE.

NO POISON has ever been found in the enamel of AGATE NICKEL-STEEL WARE.

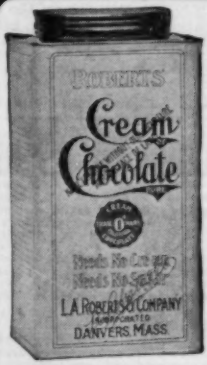
The BLUE LABEL,
Protected by Decision of U.S. Court, pasted on every piece,
PROVES IT.

If substitutes are offered, write us.

*Sold by First-class Department and House-furnishing Stores.*
*Send for new Booklet.*

LALANCE & GROSJEAN MFG. CO.
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

## Cream of Chocolate

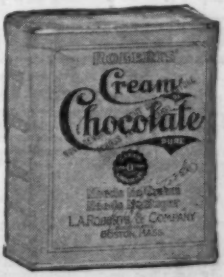



is a new and strictly scientific preparation of the cocoa bean combined with pure, rich cream, reduced to a powder. It is always ready for instant use — needs only the addition of boiling water.

***It is Far More Convenient,***
***Far More Wholesome,***
***And Far More Economical***

THAN ANY OTHER PREPARATION OF THE COCOA BEAN.

It has received the unqualified endorsement of the Pure Food Commissioners of every state in the Union to which it has been submitted.




*Our Prize Recipe Book*

*"100 Delicious Desserts with Cream of Chocolate"*

*is Sent Free to any Address*

CREAM OF CHOCOLATE CO. 72 MAIN STREET DANVERS, MASS

# To Cure Drunkards.

## A Simple Way to Cure Any Drunkard Against His Will.

By using the new odorless and tasteless remedy which is placed in the coffee or food any drunkard can be cured. Anyone can use it without the drunkard ever knowing it. It

MRS. SAMUEL BOYD.

does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister, daughter or mother looks on, the drunkard is cured even against his will.

Every person who has a loved one who is a slave to drink ought to give him this remedy at once.

Mrs. Samuel Boyd says: "With Golden Specific I cured my husband of drinking. I put it in his coffee and after that he could not drink liquor or bear to be where he could smell it."

Write to Dr. J. W. Haines, 669 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and he will send you a free trial package which will show you how simple it is to use and how positive is its cure.

# YOUR EYES NEED ATTENTION.

## If They Smart, Burn, Twitch or Ache, or if the Sight Becomes Clouded or the Eyes Weak and Watery, it is a Warning of Danger, and may Terminate in Total or Partial Blindness.

The eye is the most delicate organ of the human body; the slightest affection may terminate disastrously. All eye diseases, no matter how slight, are dangerous if neglected. If you have any disease or defect of vision, failing eyesight, cataract, sore eyes, granulated lids, or any eye trouble, you should seek proper treatment at once. Dr. F. Geo. Curts, the greatest living oculist and aurist, the discoverer of the world-famous Mild Medicine Method, has written and published a book, "Blindness and Deafness, Causes and Cures," which tells how you can cure your eyes at home quickly and at small expense. This book describes and illustrates the various eye diseases. It is certainly of great value to all who are in any way afflicted with eye troubles. Dr. Curts generously offers to send a copy of this book absolutely FREE to all who write for it. Although the Doctor's time is almost entirely taken up by his enormous practice, yet if you write him a description of your case he will give you a personal letter of advice free. Address,

DR. F. GEO. CURTS, 304 Shukert Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

# THIN women

who wish to gain flesh and thus round out their figure should read Dr. Rivard's Treatise on the cause of thinness or emaciation. It tells how to prevent and cure this unsightly condition and shows how your weight can be increased three to five pounds a week, surely, safely and permanently. The book and other particulars sent free.

The G. S. Rivard Co. Ltd. 136 State St., Detroit, Mich.

# YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE

From cradle to grave—past, present and future correctly treated and success assured in love and business. Mysteries revealed. My horoscopes are wonderful diviners; send date of birth and stamp, and I will send you, entirely free, a horoscope of your life, or if you send 10c I will also send a description of the person you should love, and sample copy of my wonderful magazine. They call me the wonder of the twentieth century, because of my true predictions. I believe I can make you successful if you heed my advice. Write at once and let me read your life as the stars reveal it. Address.

PROF. R. A. ASTRO, Box 3693, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# NERVE-FORCE

is a Home Remedy; a noble UNGUENT for external application. It is founded upon the principle that Suffering, Premature Decline and Premature Death are the direct and indirect result of

## DORMANT CIRCULATION;

that rescue is assured only by reestablishment of the CIRCULATION of Blood to normal by **directly** charging the controlling battery-cells with **an element imitating the nerve force prepared for that purpose by Nature from food and air.** This imitative element is our faithful NERVE-FORCE, and it will positively reestablish the most sluggish CIRCULATION to par. If the vital organs are intact this consummation means full restoration even in greatly complicated cases. In fact, the disentanglement of fateful complications is *only* possible **by unlocking Nature's life-current from the outside.** By the records of twenty years' work; by the Gold and Diamond Medals for life saving we have won, we prove that our NERVE-FORCE is the key. It is only by *reading* us that you can *understand* us, so we do not advertise our Remedy, but our NERVE-FORCE JOURNAL, which explains its every detail. We send this free (in plain envelope) to as many addresses as you may send us. We are also prepared to prove (by the only evidence that should appeal to thinking men and women—unimpeachable, autographic testimony of their peers) that chronic, progressive, undermining "Diseases," unrelenting Pain, abnormal Growths, Shrunken Flesh, miserable Skin Blemishes etc., are absolutely mastered by this logical (and only reasonable) manner of attack. We say "only reasonable" because it is fatally unreasonable to lash (or coddle) the vital organs by pouring drugs into the stomach — or to "cut" the anguished flesh in "operations." Are you not sick and tired of stomach-drugging and threats of "the knife?" Then, either for yourself or others, kindly send for our details *to-day*. They are absolutely free. MR. and MRS. GEO. A. CORWIN, 621 Twelfth Ward Bank Bldg., E. 125 St., N. Y. CITY.

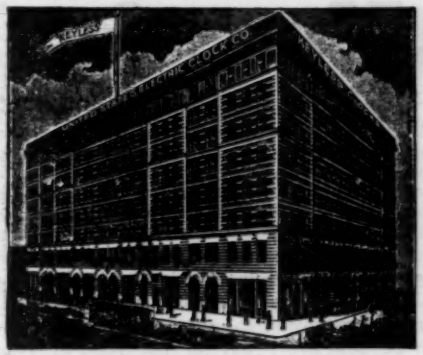
THE UNITED STATES ELECTRIC CLOCK CO. MAKERS OF "THE KEYLESS CLOCK" 304-6 & 8 HUDSON ST. NEW-YORK

# The Most Trustworthy Investment in America

# 7% STOCK in an Established Business

THE UNITED STATES ELECTRIC CLOCK CO. MAKERS OF "THE KEYLESS CLOCK" 304-6 & 8 HUDSON ST. NEW-YORK

**Secured by a $100,000 Plant**




**A Safe and Permanent 7% Investment**

We offer a part of the new issue of $100,000 of the 7 per cent. accumulative preferred stock of the United States Electric Clock Company for public subscription at par, with Bonus of one share of common stock for two of preferred to the first purchasers up to 3,000 shares.

## A PERPETUAL MONEY EARNING INVESTMENT

The reason we offer this stock for sale is in order to increase the business. That the investment is gold-edged and absolutely safe is proven by the assets of the Company, $100,000 having already been invested in the business, which is free from incumbrances of any sort whatsoever. The investment will pay 7 per cent. dividends, and is certain greatly to heighten in value as the Company's business increases. This Company can show to any intending subscriber of stock a most remarkable earning capacity. The United States Electric Clock Company is incorporated under the laws of the State of New York with a capital stock of $600,000 ($100,000 preferred and $500,000 common) to manufacture the "KEYLESS CLOCK," an acknowledged remarkable invention of extraordinary merit. The only clock that successfully winds itself, and will run accurately a whole year without attention. It thus supplies a much desired relief from a universal and annoying duty, the winding of a clock. The "KEYLESS CLOCK" is always on the run and on the "standard" minute. It is the necessity of the home, the **parent of clock convenience and clock reliability** of the office. It has already attracted time attention in all parts of the world. Orders and inquiries have come from China, Japan, and South Africa. It is without competition in its particular field, and is certain to go into millions of homes and into every office where every scrap of a business man's time is worth saving. This demand insures and makes necessary a large output of clocks.

### SPECIAL INDUCEMENT

With the first 3,000 shares of preferred stock (par value $10), a bonus of one share of common stock (par value $10) will be given with each two shares of preferred stock. A purchaser of ten shares of preferred stock, costing $100, will receive in addition five shares of the Company's common stock. The common stock of the Company has never sold at less than $6 per share (now selling at $7.50), and we firmly believe that within a year it will be selling above par.

WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS TO

**The United States Electric Clock Company, 304, 306, 308 Hudson Street, New York**

Money begins to draw interest the day it is received. Dividends are paid January and July. Certificates of stock will be forwarded as soon as issued.

### APPLICATION FOR STOCK

304, 306 & 308 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK. H

I hereby subscribe for.....shares of seven per cent. (7%) Accumulative Preferred Stock of the par value of ten dollars each, for which I agree to pay to E. A. Seigel, Secretary, the sum of $....., it being understood that I am to receive a bonus of one share of Common Stock of the par value of ten dollars for every two shares of Preferred Stock purchased.

I herewith enclose $.....in full payment of above subscription.

Name.....

No.....

Town.....

To E. A. SEIGEL, Secretary, Dept. H.
References: The leading Commercial Agencies.

It is understood that the United States Electric Clock Company may reject any and all subscriptions at their discretion.

THE UNITED STATES ELECTRIC CLOCK CO. MAKERS OF "THE KEYLESS CLOCK" 304-6 & 8 HUDSON ST. NEW-YORK

THE UNITED STATES ELECTRIC CLOCK CO. MAKERS OF "THE KEYLESS CLOCK" 304-6 & 8 HUDSON ST. NEW-YORK

# $1,200 A Year for Life

## Secured by Small Monthly Payments

Crude rubber is worth to-day twice as much as it was ten years ago, and for a quarter of a century the world's supply has always been spoken for, months before it has reached a civilized market. Every industry, every branch of science daily finds some new purpose for rubber, for which absolutely no other product will answer. It is as indispensable to our modern civilization as wheat, or cotton, or coal. Yet its production is still at the mercy of the ignorant and improvident natives of the tropical American jungles, who invariably "tap to death" the wild rubber trees, unrestrained, because of the climate, by white supervision.

**There is nothing speculative about Crude Rubber. It can be gathered every day in the year irrespective of weather or season. It can be sold every day in the year, in every market in the world, and at a stable price that has been steadily advancing for many years.**

In the State of Chiapas, Mexico, we have 6,175 acres of the finest rubber land in all the world, and with the finest climate. On this land we are changing the production of crude rubber from the primitive and destructive method, now employed by the natives, to the most scientific and economic plan known to modern forestry, and under Anglo-Saxon supervision. You cannot name any article of world-wide use whose production has undergone so radical a development as we are now engaged in without vastly enriching those who have accomplished the change. An acre of 200 rubber trees brought into bearing on our land will produce a net income of from $200 to $300 a year for more than a lifetime. We plant 600 trees to the acre and "tap to death" 400 of them before maturity, leaving 200 trees, the normal number for permanent yield. The advantage of this method is that by beginning the tappings thus early, dividends begin also in the same year.

## Join this new development in the World's Progress!

The remarkable opportunity is now open for securing shares in this great enterprise, each share representing an undivided interest equivalent to an acre of land in our orchard. There is no large cash down payment, as the purchaser pays for his shares in modest monthly instalments running over the development period. Supposing you buy only five shares, or acres; you pay $20 a month for 12 months, then $10 a month for a limited period until you have paid the full price of the shares—$276 each; but meantime you will have received dividends amounting to $210 per share; hence, the actual net cost of your shares, or acres, will be $66 each, and from the maturity period onward, longer than you can live, they will yield you or your heirs a yearly income of $1,200. This conservative estimate is based upon Government reports of the United States and Great Britain, and is for 200 trees per acre, figured as yielding each only two pounds of crude rubber per year—400 pounds at sixty cents net. Of course, if you buy ten shares, your income will be $2,400 yearly, or, better still, twenty-five shares will yield $6,000 a year.

# $1,200 A Year for Life

## Our Shares are Selling Above Par Right Now

The price has advanced three times within the last few months, and when the few shares that remain in the present series are sold, the price will be again raised. We cannot promise to give you any further warning of this advance.

**Here is a safe, conservative and permanent investment in an industry new enough to be immensely profitable, yet old enough to have lost all element of risk.**

Every possible safeguard surrounds this investment. The State Street Trust Company of Boston holds the title to our property in Mexico as trustee. We agree to deposit with them the money paid in for shares, and we file with them sworn statements as to the development of the property. This company also acts as registrar of our stock. You are fully protected from loss in case of death, and liberally protected in case of lapse of payments, and we grant you a suspension of payments for ninety days at any time you may wish. Furthermore, we agree to loan you money on your shares.

If we can prove to you that five shares in this investment, paid for in small monthly instalments, will bring you **an average return of twenty-five per cent. on your money during the period of payments**, and will then bring you **$100 a month for more than a lifetime**, we could not keep you out. $20, as the first monthly payment, will secure five shares — $40, ten shares — $100, twenty-five shares ($4 monthly payment per share for as many shares as you wish to secure). This opens the door for yourself, not to wealth, but to what is far better, a competency for future years, when, perhaps, you will not be able to earn it. We already have hundreds of shareholders scattered through forty States who have investigated and invested. Our literature explains our plan fully and concisely, and proves every statement. It will be hurried to you immediately on receipt of this coupon filled out by you.

*MUTUAL RUBBER PRODUCTION CO., BOSTON.*

***Please send me your literature explaining conditions for the purchase of shares in your Company.***

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

**MUTUAL RUBBER PRODUCTION CO.,**

**90 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.**

# A RARE CHANCE FOR INVESTORS

## BUTTE-TONOPAH MINING CO.

THIS company owns four mining claims; namely, the "Golden Gate," "Champion," "Angelus," and "Cracker Jack," situated on the inside of the Tonopah Mining District, Nye County, Nevada, adjoining the Mizpah Extension claims; and is incorporated, under the laws of Arizona, for one million shares, par value of one dollar each, non-assessable. We are now offering fifty thousand shares of treasury stock at thirty cents per share, for the purpose of continuing development; and in making this offer we confidently believe the property to possess merit far above the price now asked. The property is in the midst of and in line of development of the most promising mines of the district.

For further information, call or send for our prospectus and map.

**BUTTE-TONOPAH MINING CO.**

**Rooms 39-40 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.**

# Over a Million Barrels a Year

# Schlitz

Those are sales of Schlitz Beer making it the leader of all Milwaukee beers, by far.

That's a result of maintaining absolute purity.

We doubled the necessary cost of our brewing to have Schlitz Beer right.

*The Result Is*
*A Million Barrels a Year*

We have used the best materials—the finest barley—paid as high as twice what we need pay for hops.

We bored six wells to rock to get pure water.

We kept our brewing as clean as your cooking.

*The Result Is*
*A Million Barrels a Year*

We filtered all the air that touched the beer.

We filtered the beer through white wood pulp.

We aged it until it could not cause biliousness.

We sterilized every bottle after it was sealed.

*The Result Is*
*A Million Barrels a Year*

Isn't Schlitz Beer—pure beer—worth asking for, when the cost is the same as of common beer?

*Ask for the Brewery Bottling.*

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS